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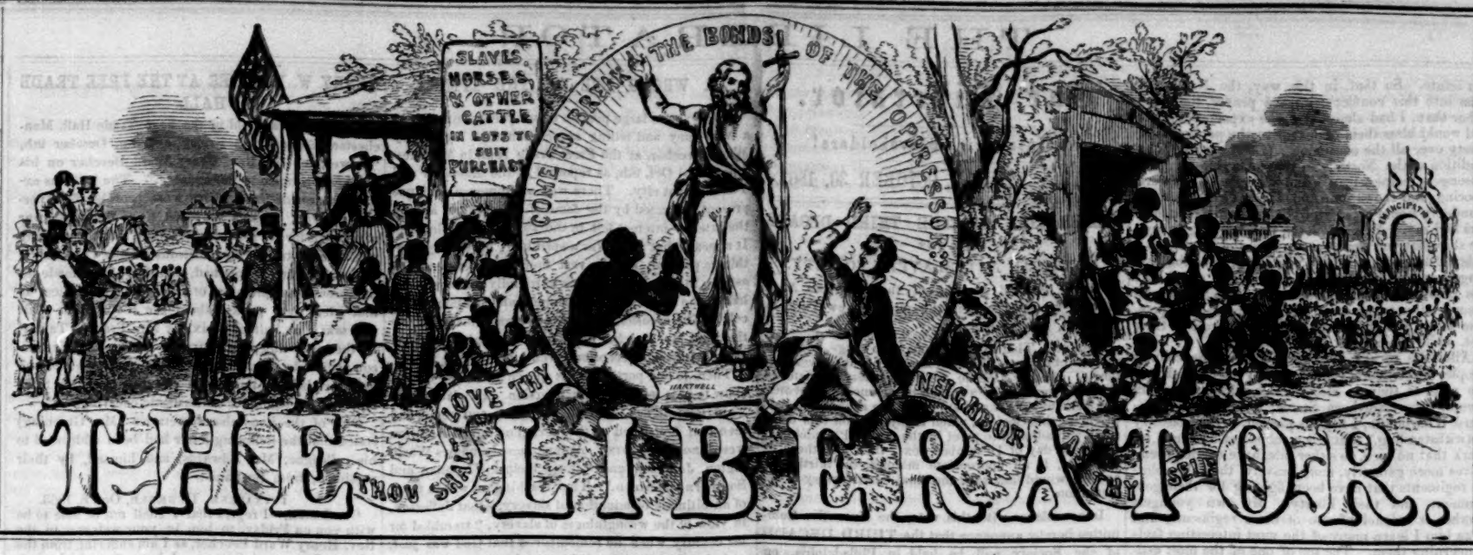
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
"COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED"
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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The Liberator.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

SPEECH OF HENRY WARD BEECHER,

Delivered in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, (England,) Oct. 9, 1863.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, the address which you have kindly presented to me contains matters both personal and national. (Interruption.) My friends, we will have a whole night session, but we will be heard! (Loud cheers.) I have not come to England to be surprised that those men whose cause cannot bear the light are afraid of free speech. (Cheers.) I have had practice of more than twenty-five years in the presence of mobs and riots, opposing those very men whose representatives now attempt to forestall free speech. (Hear.) Little by little, I doubt not, I shall be permitted to speak to-night. (Hear.) Little by little I have been permitted in my own country to speak, until at last the day has come there when nothing but the utterance of speech for freedom is popular. (Cheers.)

You have been pleased to speak of me as one connected with the great cause of progress in civil and religious liberty. I covet no higher honor than to have my name joined as one among the list of that great company of noble Englishmen from whom we derived our doctrines of liberty. (Cheers.) For although I understand there is some opposition to what are called American ideas, what are those ideas? The seed-corn we got in England—(hear); and if, on a larger sphere, and under circumstances of unobstruction, we have reared mightier sheaves, every sheaf contains the grain that has made old England rich for a hundred years. (Great cheering.) I am also not a little gratified that my first appearance to speak on secular topics in England is in this goodly town of Manchester; for I had rather have praise from men who understand the quality praised, than from those who speak at hazard and with little acquaintance with the subject. (Hear.) And where else, more than in these great central portions of England, have the doctrines of human rights been battled for, and where else have there been gained for them nobler victories, than here? (Cheers.) It is not indiscriminate praise, therefore; you know what you talk about. You have had practice in these doctrines yourselves, and to be praised by those who are illustrious is praise indeed. (Cheers.)

Allusion has been made by one of the gentlemen—a cautionary allusion, a kind of deference evidently paid to some supposed feeling—an allusion has been made to words or deeds of mine that might be supposed to be offensive to Englishmen. (Hear.) I cannot say how that may be. I am sure that I have never thought, in the midst of this mighty struggle, which has taxed every power and energy in our land—("Oh," and cheers)—I have never stopped to measure and to think whether my words spoken for truth and fidelity to duty would be liked in this shape or in that shape, by one or another person. (Cheers.) I have had one simple, honest purpose, which I have pursued ever since I have been in public life, and that was with all the strength that God has given to me to maintain the cause of the poor and of the weak in my own country. (Cheers.) And if, in the height and heat of conflict, some words have been over sharp, and some positions have been taken heedlessly, are you the men to call me to account? (Hear.) What if some exquisite French dancing-master, standing on the edge of a battle, where some Richard Cœur de Leon swung his axe, criticised him by saying that it "violated the propriety of the dancing-room in the midst of battle!" (Laughter.) When dandies fight, they think how they look; but when men fight, they think about what they are doing. (Cheers.)

But I am not here either on trial or on defence. (Hear, hear.) I am very willing to tell you what I think about England, or anybody, but I am not willing to tell you what I think about myself. (Cheers.) Let me say one word, however, in the beginning, in regard to this meeting, and the peculiar gratification which I feel in it. I have ground—and God is my judge, and bears witness to the truth of what I say—I can return to my countrymen, and bear witness to the cordial kindness of Englishmen towards America. (Cheers.) There has been serious doubt. The same agencies which have been at work to misrepresent good men in our country to you, have been at work to misrepresent to us good men here; and when I say to my friends in America that I have attended such a meeting as this, received such an address, and beheld such enthusiasm, it will be a renewed pledge of amity. (Cheers.) I have never ceased to feel that war between two such great nationalities as these would be one of the most unpardonable and atrocious offences that the world ever beheld—(cheers)—and I have regarded everything, therefore, which needlessly led to this feeling, out of which war comes, as being in itself wicked. (Cheers.) The same blood is in us. (Cheers.) We are your children, or the children of your fathers and ancestors. You and we hold the same substantial doctrines. (Cheers, and cries of "Turn him out.") We have the same mission amongst the nations of the earth. Never were mother and daughter set forth to do so queenly a thing in the kingdom of God's glory as England and America. (Cheers.) And if you ask why we are so sensitive, and why we have hewn England with our tongue as we have, I will tell you why. There is no man who can offend you so deeply as the one you love most. (Loud cheers.) Men point to France and Napoleon, and say he has been point by step in all England has done, and why are the press of America silent against France, and why do they speak as they do against England? It is because we love England. (Cheers.) I have lived through a whole period and revolution of feeling. I remember very well in my boyhood the then recent war of 1812, and the embers kindled in the revolutionary war of independence, an almost universal feeling against the Britishers, as they were called, and I have seen that feeling little by little dying out; and, what with common commercial interests, with reciprocal blessings in civility and in religion, with multiplied interchanges of friendly visits, there has come to be a feeling in America most cordial and admiring of England. For when we searched our principles, they all ran back to rights in English history; when we looked at those institutions of which we were most proud, we beheld that the foundation of them, and the very foundation stones, were taken from your history; when we looked for those men that had illustrated our own tongue, orators, or eloquent ministers of the gospel, they were English; we borrowed nothing from France but here a fashion and there a gesture or a custom, but what we had to dignify humanity—that made life worth having—were all brought from Old England. (Cheers.) And do you suppose that, under such circumstances, with this growing love, with this growing pride, with this gladness to feel that we were being associated in the historic glory of England, because both you and we belong to a race—to the Anglo-Saxon race—do you suppose that it was with feelings of indifference that we beheld in our midst the heir-apparent to the British throne? (Cheers.) There is not reigning on the globe a sovereign who commands our simple, unpretentious, and unaffected respect, as your own beloved Queen in America. (Loud cheers.) I have heard multitudes of men say that, if there was nothing for the heir-apparent, it was their joy and their pleasure to pay respect to him, that his mother might know that, through him, the compliment was meant to her. (Loud cheers.) It was an unarranged and unexpected spontaneous and universal outbreak of popular enthusiasm; it began in the colonies of Canada, the fire rolled across the border, all through New England, all through New York and Ohio, down through Pennsylvania and the adjacent States; nor was the element quenched until it came to Richmond. I said, and many said—the past of enmity and prejudice is now rolled away down below the horizon of memory, a new era is come, and we have set our hands and voices as a sacred seal to our cordial affection and co-operation with England. (Cheers.)

Now, (whether we interpreted it aright or not is not the question,) when we thought England was seeking opportunity of going with the South against us of the North, it hurt us as no other nation's conduct could hurt us on the face of the globe; and if we spoke some words of intemperate heat, we spoke them in the mortification of disappointed affection. (Cheers.) It has been supposed that I have aforetime urged or threatened war with England. Never. (Cheers, followed by a few groans, in reference to which the speaker remarked: "I have spoken on the prairies where buffaloes bellowed before." The observation provoked loud laughter.) This I have said—and this I repeat now and here—that the cause of constitutional government, and of universal liberty as associated with it in our country, was so dear, so sacred, that, rather than betray it, we would give the last child we had—that we would not relinquish this conflict though other States rose and entered into a league with the South—and that, if it were necessary, we would maintain this great doctrine of representative government in America against the armed world—against England and France. (Great cheering, followed by some disturbance, in reference to which the chairman rose, and cautioned an individual under the gallery whom he had observed persisting in interruption.) Let me be permitted to say, then, that it seems to me the darker days, in so far as embroilment between this country and America is concerned, are past. (Cheers.) The speech of Earl Russell—(renewed cheering)—will go far towards satisfying our people. Understand me; we shall not accept his views of the past, and the doctrines which he has propounded. (Cheers.) But the statement of the present attitude of the government of Great Britain, and its intentions for the future, coupled with the detention of those armed ships of war—that will take away the sting from the minds of our people. (Hear, hear.) And, although we differ with you in respect to the great doctrine of belligerency, the time is past to discuss that, except as a question of history and of civil law. We have drifted so far away from the period in which it was of any use to discuss that, and the circumstances of the war and your circumstances have so far changed, that now we can no longer stop to discuss whether it was or was not right for Great Britain to assume this position she has assumed. She has for years acted upon it, and will not change it; and now all that we can ask is—Let there be a thorough neutrality. (Loud cheers.) I believe there will be one. (Renewed cheers.) If you do not send us a man, we do not ask for a man. If you do not send us another pound of powder, we are able to make our own powder. (Laughter.) If you do not send us another musket nor another cannon, we have cannon that will carry five miles already. (Laughter.) We do not ask for material help. We shall be grateful for moral sympathy—(cheers)—but if you cannot give us moral sympathy, we shall still endeavor to do without it. But all that we say is, let France keep away, let England keep hands off; if we cannot manage this rebellion by ourselves, then it sha'nt be managed at all. (Cheers.) The question of war, under the circumstances in which war is now carried on in our country, is simply a question of time. (Cheers.) The population is with the North. The wealth is with the North. (Cheers.) The education is with the North. (Cheers.) The right doctrines of civil government are with the North. (Cheers, and a voice, "Where's the justice ?") It will not be long before one thing more will be with the North—victory. (Loud and enthusiastic rounds of cheers.) Men on this side are impatient at the long delay; but if we can bear it, can't you? (Laughter.) You are quite at ease—("Not yet"); we are not. You are not materially affected in any such degree as many parts of our own land are now. (Cheers.) But if the day shall come in one year, in two years, or in ten years hence, when the old stars and stripes shall float over every state of America—(loud cheers, and some disturbance from one or two.) Oh, let him (the chief disturber) have a chance! (Laughter.) We will take a turn about; I will say the sentences, and you shall make the responses. (Laughter.) I am a Congregationalist, but I can make a very good Episcopal minister too. (Loud laughter.) I was saying, when interrupted by that sound from the other side of the house, that if the day shall come, in one or five or ten years, in which the old honored and historic banner shall float again over every State of the South; if the day shall come when that which was the accursed cause of this dire and atrocious war—slavery—shall be done away—(cheers)—if the day shall have come when through all the Gulf States there shall be liberty of speech, as there never has been—(cheers)—if the day shall come when there shall be liberty of the press, as there never has been; if the day shall come when men shall have common schools to send their children to, which they never have had in the South; if the day shall come when the land shall not be parcelled in gigantic plantations, in the hands of a few rich oligarchs—(loud cheers), but shall be parcelled out to honest farmers, every man owning his little—(renewed cheers); in short, if the day shall come when the simple ordinances, the fruition and privileges of civil liberty, shall prevail in every part of the United States, it will be worth all the dreadful blood, and tears, and woe. (Loud cheers.) You are impatient; and yet God dwelleth in eternity, and has an infinite leisure to roll forward the affairs of men, not to suit the hot impatience of those who are but children of a day, and cannot wait or linger for long, but according to the infinite circle on which He measures time and events. He expedites or retards as it pleases him; and if he heard our cries or prayers, not thrice would the months revolve but peace would come. But the strong crying and prayers of millions have not brought peace, but only thickening war. We accept the Providence; the duty is plain. (Cheers and interruption.) I repeat, the duty is plain. (Cheers.) So rooted is this English people in the faith of liberty, that it were an utterly hopeless task for any minion or sympathiser of the South to sway the popular sympathy of England, if this English people believed that this was none other than a conflict between liberty and slavery. It is just that. (Loud cheers.)

I am here, to be sure, in some points to cite history, but, for the most part, I stand a witness to testify what I have seen of things, with which I have intimately mingled, which have been common to me since my boyhood—things which I do know, and which history will establish beyond all peradventure or controversy. But let me go back a little before my time, for I am not yet 100 years old. (Laughter.) Slavery was introduced into our country at a time, and in a manner, when England nor America knew well what were the results of that atrocious system. It was ignorantly received and propagated on our side; little by little it spread through all the thirteen States that then were; for slavery in the beginning was in New England, such as now it is in the Southern States. But when the great struggle of our revolution came on, the study of the doctrines of human rights had made such progress, that the whole public mind began to think it was wrong to wage war to defend our rights while we were holding men in slavery, depriving them of theirs. It is an historical fact, that all the great and renowned men that flourished at the period of our revolution were abolitionists. Washington was; so was Benjamin Franklin; so was Thomas Jefferson; so was James Munroe; so were the principal Virginian and Southern statesmen; and the first abolition society ever founded in America was founded not in the North, but in the middle and a portion of the Southern States. (Cheers.) After the Declaration of Independence, and the adoption of our Constitution, slavery began to cease. It never had been a very abundant institution in New England, because the habits of the people and their conscientious convictions did not make them great friends of slavery. It has been said they sold their slaves, and preached a cheap emancipation to the South. Slavery ceased in this wise in Massachusetts: Suit was brought for the service of a slave, and the Chief Justice declared the declaration of the equality of all men, and their right to life, and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness was equivalent to a bill of emancipation, and he refused to render back that slave's services. At a later period, New York brought an emancipation act. It has been said that she sold her slaves. No slander was ever greater. The most careful provision was made. No man travelling out of the State of New York, after the passing of the Emancipation Act, was permitted to have any slave with him, unless he gave bonds for his reappearance with him. As a matter of fact, the slaves were emancipated without compensation, on the spot, to take effect gradually, class by class. But, after a trial of half a score of years, the people found this gradual emancipation was intolerable. (Hear, hear.) It is like gradual amputation. They therefore met together, and by another act of legislation they declared immediate emancipation—(hear)—and that took effect; and so slavery perished in the State of New York. (Cheers.) Substantially so it was in New Jersey, and in Pennsylvania; substantially so, it may be said, in respect to the Northern States, that there never was an example of nations that emancipated slaves so purely from moral conviction of the wrong of slavery.

I know that it is said that Northern capital and Northern ships were employed in the slave trade. To an extent it was so. But is there any community that lives, in which there are not miscreants who violate the public feeling? (Cheers.) Then and since, the man who dared to use his capital and his ships in this infamous traffic hid himself, and did by agents what he was ashamed to be known to have done himself. (Hear.) No man in the North who had part or lot in this infamous traffic in slaves, but would have been branded with the mark of Cain. (Cheers.) It is true that New York port has been employed in this infernal traffic, but it was because it was, unfortunately, under the influence either of that democratic party which is in alliance with Southern slavery—(hear, hear)—or because it was under the dark political control of the South itself. For when the South could appoint our marshals; when the South appointed through the administration the secretaries of the treasury, and the officers of the custom-houses in all parts of the country; when everything by the political machinery of the South was favoring slavery, it could not but be that there should be the running of the gauntlet in our ports, and that the slave trade should be carried on; but it was by the immense majority of the people abhorred, and the men who did it were detested. (Cheers.) There was one Judas—is Christianity therefore a hoax? (Hear.) There are hissing men in this audience—are you not respectable? (Cheers and laughter.) The folly of the few is that light which God casts to irradiate the wisdom of the many. (Hear.) But when the Constitution itself was formed, there was such a feeling opposed to slavery, that you are familiar with the fact that Mr. Madison and Mr. Randolph refused to permit the word "servitude" to go into that document; and on this express ground, that the time would come when slavery was to end, and that they would not have the memorial of such a disgrace remaining in the great charter of our liberties. (Cheers.) So the word was changed from "servitude" to "service." (Hear.)

And let me say one word here about the Constitution of America. It recognizes slavery as a fact; but it does not recognize the doctrine of slavery in any way whatever. It was a fact; it lay before the ship of State as a rock lies in the channel of the ship as she goes into harbor; and because a ship steers round a rock, does it follow that that rock is in the ship? ("Hear," and laughter.) And because the Constitution of the United States made some circuits to steer round that great fact, does it follow that therefore slavery is recognized in the Constitution as a right or system? (No.) See how carefully that immortal document worded itself! In the slave laws, the slave is declared to be—what? Expressly, and by the most repetitious phraseology, he is denuded of all the attributes and characteristics of manhood, and is pronounced a "chattel." (Shame!) Now, you have just that same word with the *h* left out—"cattle." (Hear, hear.) And the difference between cattle and chattel is the difference between quadruped and biped. (Laughter.) So far as animate property is concerned, and so far as inanimate property is concerned, it is just the difference between locomotive and stationary property. (Hear, hear.) Now, all the slave States stand on the radical principal, that a slave is not for purposes of law any longer to be ranked in the category of human beings, but that he is a piece of property, and to be treated to all intents and purposes as a piece of property; and the law did not blush, nor do the judges blush now-a-days who interpret that law. (Hear.) But how is it that the Constitution of the United States, when it begins to speak of these very same slaves, names them? Does it call them slaves? Does it speak of them as in "servitude"? It lifts itself up as if consciously inspired with the grandeur of the thought and dignity of man, and says, "Persons held to service." (Hear, and cheers.) Go to South Carolina, and ask what she calls slaves, and it says "things:" and the old capitol at Washington sullenly reverberates, "No, persons!" [Cheers.] Go to South Carolina, and her fundamental article says, she looks upon slaves as "things;" and again the Constitution echoes, "No, persons!" [Hear.] Go to the charter of Louisiana with her Constitution, or to the south-western slave States, and still that doctrine of devils is enunciated—it is "chattel," it is "thing." Looking upon those for whom Christ felt mortal anguish in Gethsemane, and stretched himself on death in Calvary, their laws call them still "things" and "chattels;" and still in suppressed tones of thunder the Constitution of the United States says, "Persons!" [Cheers.]

What was it, then, when the country had advanced so far towards universal emancipation in the period of our national formation that stopped this onward tide? Two things, commercial and political. First, the wonderful demand for cotton throughout the world, coupled with the facility of producing it, arising from the invention of the cotton gin—that introduced a new element of value. Slaves, that before had been worth from 300 to 400 dollars, began to be worth 500 dollars. That knocked away one-third of our adherence to the moral law. Then, afterwards, they became worth 700 dollars, and half the law went—[cheers and laughter]: then 800 or 900 dollars, and then there was no such thing as moral law—[cheers and laughter]: then 1,000 or 1,200 dollars, and slavery became one of the beatitudes on the Mount. [Cheers and laughter.] When Moses wrote his laws, delivered by the Highest, he wrote them on tables of stone; but when the devil, through his minion, wrote his laws, he wrote them on silver. [Cheers and loud laughter.] Their pocket is their Mount Sinai—[cheers and laughter]; they are the lineal descendants of those men who before worshipped the golden calf. (Cheers.)

The other cause which prevented the progress of emancipation that had already so auspiciously begun, was the political cause. The policy of America has been shaped by the essential spirit of slaveholding Southerners. All the aggression, the filibustering; all the threats to England and the tauntings of Europe, and all the belligerence our government has assumed, have been under the inspiration and under the almost monarchical sway of the Southern oligarchy. [Loud cheering.] And now, since Britain has been snubbed by the Southerners, and threatened by the Southerners, and domineered over by the Southerners—["No"]—yet now Great Britain has thrown her arms of love around the Southerners, and turns from the Northerners. ["No."] She don't? [Cheers.] I have only to say that she has been caught in very suspicious circumstances! [Laughter.] But I have said it, perhaps as much as anything else, for this very sake—to bring out from you this expression—to let you know what we know, that all the hostility felt in my country towards Great Britain has been sudden; and I want you to say to me, and through me to my countrymen, that those irritations against the North, and those likings for the South, that have been expressed in your papers, are not the feeling of the great mass of your nation. [Great cheering, the audience rising.] Those cheers already sound in my ears as the coming acclamations of friendly nations—those waving handkerchiefs are the white banners that symbolize peace for all countries. [Cheers.] Join with us, then, Britons! [Cheers.] From you we learnt the doctrine of what a man was worth; from you we learnt to detest all oppressions; from you we learnt that it was the noblest thing a man could do to die for a principle. [Cheers.] And now, when we are set in that very course, and are giving our best blood for principle, let the world understand that when America strikes for the liberty of the slave and of the common people, Great Britain endorses her. [Cheers.]

And now I come to the period in which I myself became an actor. (Loud cheers.) From that time to this time, there has been no important movement on the subject of public affairs in the connection of slavery, that I have not either had a part in it, or been a most interested and intimate observer of it; and I shall tell you, not what I believe, but what I know. [Hear, hear.] It was extremely difficult to get the voice of the public. Those that first attempted it were made well-nigh martyrs. I remember full well when Birney's press was mobbed in Cincinnati, and thrown into the Ohio river, for no other reason than for its anti-slavery sentiments. I remember the early martyrdoms; and, for two years, with my pockets filled with pistols—to the horror, I suppose, of those peace-loving slavery men—I patrolled the streets, made a special constable for the defence of these poor creatures' houses. I suppose it was very naughty to meddle with fire-arms; but then I was not a minister, then I was only a student for the ministry, and I did not fire the pistols off once. Mr. Weld, Mr. Garrison, and Alvan Stewart—now gone—and a multitude of men whom I ought to have prepared myself to mention, that I might not, in mentioning the few, seem to neglect the many—these were the pioneers. You have been pleased to say, in this address, that I have been one of those pioneers. I unloosed the shoe-latchets of the pioneers, and that is all. I was but little more than a boy, and I bear witness that the hardest blows and the most cruel sufferings were endured by men before I was thrust far enough into public life to take any particular share; and I do not consider myself entitled to rank amongst the pioneers. They were better men than I. Those noble men did resist this downward tendency of the North. They were rejected by society. To be called an abolitionist excluded a man from respectable society in those days. To be called an abolitionist blighted any man's prospects in political life in those days. To be called an abolitionist marked a man's store,—his very customers avoided him as if he had the plague. To be called an abolitionist, in those days, shut up the doors of confidence from him in the church, and he was regarded as a disturber of the peace. Nevertheless, they maintained their testimony. [Loud cheers.] Little by little they gained the conscience,—they gained the understanding. And as when old Luther spoke, thundering in the ears of Europe the long-buried treasures of the Bible, there were hosts against him, and the elect few, nevertheless, gathered little by little themselves. Many Luthers thundered God's truth of human liberty, and they were followed more and more for half a score of years, until they began to be numerous enough to be an influential party in the state elections. [Cheers.] In 1848, I think it was, when that Buffalo platform was laid, it was the first endeavor in the Northern States to form a platform that should carry rebuke to the slaveholding ideas in the North. Before this, however, there was help given us from the South; and I can say that, under God, the South have done more to bring on this work of emancipation than the North itself. [Hear, hear.] First, they began to declare, after the days of Mr. Calhoun, that they accepted slavery no more as a misfortune but as a divine blessing. Mr. Calhoun advanced the doctrine, which is now the marrow of secession, that it was the duty of government not merely to protect States from interference, but that it was the duty of the general government to make slavery equal with liberty. (Cheers.) These monstrous doctrines began to be the development of future ambitions. The South having the control of government, knew from the inherent weakness of their system that if it were confined, it was as a huge flock of herds pasturing on small pastures, that soon gnaws the grass to the roots, and must have other pasture, or it dies. [Cheers.] Slavery is of such a nature that, if you do not give it continual change of feeding ground, it must die. [Renewed cheering.] And then came one after another the assertions of the South of rights never dreamed of. From them came the Mexican war for territory; from them came Texas, and its entrance as a slave-State; from them came that organized rowdyism in Congress, that browbeat every Northern man who had not sworn fealty to slavery; that filled all the courts of Europe with ministers holding slave doctrines; that gave the majority of the seats on the bench to slave-owning judges; and that gave, in fact, all our chief offices of trust to either slave-owners, or to men who licked the feet of slaveholding men. (Loud cheers.) Then came that ever memorable period when, for the very purpose of humbling the North, and making her drink the bitter cup of humiliation, and making them understand that the North was inferior and the South their natural lords, was passed the Fugitive Slave Bill. [Loud hisses.] There was no need of that. There was already existing just as good an instrument for so infernal a purpose as any fiend could have wished. Against that infamy my soul revolted, and these lips protested, and I defied to its face the government, and told them, "I will have none of your unrighteous laws; send to me that fugitive who is fleeing from his master, and I will step between him and his pursuer." [Loud and prolonged cheers.] Not once, nor twice, have my doors shut between oppression and the oppressed; and the church itself over which I minister has been the unknown refuge of many and many a one. [Cheers.] But when the devil promises, he cheats. [Laughter.] That peace, that was the thirty pieces of silver paid for the Christ of man, turned into fire, and burnt the hands that took it. For how long was it after this promised peace, that the Missouri compromise was abolished in an infamous disregard of holy compacts? (Loud cheers.) It never ought to have been made; but, having been made, it ought never to have been broken by the South. [Cheers.] And with no other pretence than the robber's pretence, that might makes right, they did destroy it, that they might carry slavery far North. That was what was needed to arouse the long reluctant patriotism of the North. [Cheers.] By the abolition of this compromise, another slave State was immediately to have been brought into the Union, to balance the ever-growing free territories of the North-West. Then it was that there arose a majesty that had no record thus far, and has had no parallel; and, instead of merely protesting, young men and maidens, laboring men, farmers and mechanics, all of them sped with a sacred desire to rescue free territory from the toils of slavery, and emigrated in hundreds and in thousands, that when this territory should come into vote, it should vote as a free State. (Loud cheers.) A more infamous and atrocious system of cheating never was practised than that by which the South sought, by perjury, by intimidation, by the prostituted use of the United States army, to force a vile system upon those unwilling men who had voted almost unanimously for liberty and against slavery in that State. (Hear.) But at last the day of utter darkness had passed, and the gray twilight was on the morning of the horizon. At last, for the first time, I believe, in the whole conflict between the South and the North, the victory went to the North, and Kansas became a free State. (Cheers.) Kansas became an impulse that was given to popular feeling, and in 1856 Mr. Fremont was nominated for the Presidency. He came so near to being elected that, but for an enormous cheating in the polls at Pennsylvania, he would have been elected; but, instead of Mr. Fremont, Mr. Buchanan was returned. (Hisses.) We aimed at an eagle, and hit a buzzard. (Laughter.)

Now I call you to witness that, in a period of twenty-five or thirty years of constant conflicts with the South, at every single step they gained the advantage, with the single exception of Kansas. What was the conduct of the North? Did they threaten secession? (No.) Did they threaten violence? (No.) So sure were they of the ultimate triumph of that which was right, provided free speech was left to combat error and wrong, that they patiently bided their time. By this time, the North was cured of its love of or indifference to slavery. By this this time a new conscience had been formed in the North, and a vast majority of all the Northern men at this time stood fair and square on the doctrine of anti-slavery. (Cheers.) It went through all the quicksands of that infamous demonstration of four years, in which senators, sworn by the Constitution, were plotting machinations to destroy the government; in which the members of the cabinet, who drew their pay month by month, used their time and their official position to steal arms, to prepare fortifications, to make ready; and in which the most astounding spectacle that the world ever saw was witnessed—our great people paying men to sit in the places of power and office to betray them. [Hear, hear.] During all those four years, what did we? We protested, and waited, and said: "God shall give us the victory; for it is God's truth that we wield, and God's truth we promote, and with God, in his own good time, shall be the giving of the victory." [Great cheering.] In all this time we never made an inroad on the rights of the South. (Cheers.) We never asked for retaliatory law. We never taxed their commerce, or touched it with our little finger. We envied them none of their manufactures, but sought to promote them. We did not attempt to abate, by one ounce, their material prosperity; we longed for their prosperity. [Cheers.] Slavery we always hated; the Southern men never. (Cheers.) They were wrong. And in our conflicts with them, we have felt as all men in conflict feel. We were jealous, and so were they. We were in the right cause, they were in the wrong. (Cheers.) We never envied them their territory; and it was in the heart and it was in the faith of the whole North, that, in seeking for the abatement of slavery, and its final abolition, we were conferring upon the South the greatest boon which one nation—or part of a nation—could confer upon another. That she was to come down, and pass through the valley of humiliation during the progress of her institutions till she passed from forced labor to free labor, I had no doubt; but it was not in our heart to humble her, but rather to help and sympathize with her. I defy time and history to point to a more honorable conduct than that of the free North towards the South during all these days.

In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected. (Cheers.) I ask you to take notice of the conduct of the two sides at this point. For thirty years we had been experiencing sectional defeats at the hands of the Southerners. For thirty years and more we had seen our sons proscribed, because loyal to liberty, or worse than proscribed—suborned and made subservient to slavery. (Cheers.) We had seen our judges corrupt, our ministers apostate, our merchants running headlong after gold against principle; but we maintained our fealty to the law and Constitution, and had faith in victory by legitimate means. But when, by the means pointed out by the Constitution, and sanctified by the usage of three quarters of a century, Mr. Lincoln, in a fair open field, was elected President of the United States, did the South submit? (Cries of "No," and cheers.) No offence had been committed, none threatened; but the arrogation was, that the election of a man known to be pledged against the extension of slavery was not compatible with the safety of slavery in the South, and on that ground they took steps for secession. Every honest mode to prevent it, all patience on the part of the North, all pusillanimity on the part of Mr. Buchanan. While he still sat before his successor came into office, he left nothing undone to make matters worse, did nothing to make things better. The North was patient then, the South impatient. Then came the steps. The question was put to the South, and, with the exception of South Carolina, every State in the South gave a popular vote against secession; and yet, such was the jugglery of political leaders, before a few months had passed they had precipitated every State into secession. That could never have been where there were common people. The South has common herds of people, the North had herds of what Lord Brougham lamentably termed mobs. Lord Brougham, upon whose plenitude of days the light of God shone so gloriously, is bringing his failing days to scandalize the intelligent people of the North by calling them mobs. (Cheers and counter cheers.) I call you to take notice, that the people of the South thought the government of the States could not be administered by an honest man without prejudice to slavery. It could not. The government of the United States is such that, if it be administered equitably, still in the long run it will destroy slavery; and it was the prospect of this that led the South to make precipitate secession. (Cheers.) Now against all these facts, it is attempted to make England believe that slavery has had nothing to do with this war. (Laughter.) You might as well have attempted to persuade Noah that the clouds had nothing to do with the flood; perhaps some man will persuade you that palm trees and orange trees will grow at the North Pole; perhaps some one will persuade you next that there is no sand in the great desert. It is the most monstrous absurdity ever born in the womb of folly. (Cheers.) Nothing to do with slavery! It had to do with nothing else. (Cheers.) Slavery was the mother of rebellion. (Cheers.) The father of it was—O, no, we never mention him! (Much laughter.) Against this withering fact—against this damning allegation—what is their escape? The attempt is to say—the North is just as bad as the South. (Laughter.) Now we are coming to the marrow of it. (Cheers.) If the North is as bad as the South, why did not the South find it out before you did? If the North has been in favor of oppressing the black man, and just as much in favor of slavery as the South, how is it that the South has gone to war against the North because of their belief to the contrary? (A voice: "Slavery does not pay in the North!") Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a published report of the speech of the amiable, intelligent, and credulous President, I believe, of the Society for Southern Independence. (Laughter.) I have found some curiosities in it. (Laughter.) That you may know that Southerners are not dead yet, I will read a paragraph:—

"The South had labored hitherto under the imputation, and it had constantly been thrown in the teeth of all who supported that struggling nation, that they by their proceedings were tending to support the existence of slavery. This was an impression which he thought they ought carefully to endeavor to remove—("cheers," and laughter)—because it was one injurious to their cause—(cheers)—not only among those who had the feeling of all Englishmen—of a horror of slavery—but, also, because strong religious bodies in this country made a point of it, and felt it very strongly indeed."

(Cheers.) I never like to speak behind a man's back—I like to speak right to men's faces what I have to say—and I could wish that the higher felicity than that which has been accorded to me to-night, might have been given—to have had Lord Wharncliffe present, that I might address to him a few simple and artless Christian inquiries. (Cheers.) For there can be no question that there is a strong impression that the South has had something to do with slavery. (Cheers.) Indeed, on our side of the water there are many persons who affirm it. (Laughter and cheers.) And, as his lordship thinks that it is the peculiar duty of this now agglomerated and agglutinated association for Southern independence to do away with that impression, I beg to submit to them that, in the first place, they ought to do away with four million slaves in the South; for I, for my own part, cannot say but that I think there are uncharitable men enough living in this world to think that a nation that has four million slaves in it has a good deal to do with supporting slavery. (Cheers.) And when he has done that, it might perhaps be pertinent to suggest to his lordship that these should be a little something done to the Montgomery Constitution of the South, which is changed from the old Federal Constitution in only one or two points, the most essential of which is that it introduces and legalizes slavery, and makes it unconstitutional ever to do it away; and that they are under that constitution. Now, I submit that that wants scrubbing a little. (Cheers.) Then I would also respectfully lay at his lordship's feet—more beautifully embossed, if I could, than this addressed to me is—the speech of Vice-President Stephens—(hear, hear)—in which he declares that all nations have been mistaken, and that the subjugation of an inferior race is the only proper way to maintain the liberty of a superior; in which he teaches Calvary a new lesson; in which he gives the lie in the face of the Savior Himself, who came to teach us that by as much as a man is stronger than another, he owes himself to that other. (Loud cheers.) Not alone are Christ's blood-drops our salvation, but those word-drops of sacred truth which cleanse the heart and conscience by the expression of precious truths and principles, they are our salvation, as well as the atoning blood; and if there be in the truths of Christ one more eminent than another, it is, "He that would be chief, let him be the servant of all." But this audacious hierarch of infidelity, Mr. Stephens, in the face of God and before mankind, in this day of universal Christianity, declares that the way for a nation to have manhood is to crush out the liberty of an inferior and weaker race. And he declares, ostentatiously and boastingly, that the foundation of the Southern republic is on that corner-stone. (Loud cheers, "No, no," and renewed cheers.) I beg leave, when next Lord Wharncliffe speaks for the edification of this delight-

ed English people—(laughter)—I beg leave to submit that this speech of Mr. Stephens requires a little scouring. (Applause.) And then, if all the other allegations and evidences, that the South are upholding slavery, are to be the peculiar work of the Southern Independence Association, not Hercules in his palmy days had such work and wages before him as they have got. (Loud cheers.) We shan't be troubled with them. They will be knee-deep and elbow-deep in their business of scrubbing and scouring, and Lord Wharncliffe may bid farewell to the sweets of domestic leisure and to the pursuit of the interests of State, as all his amusements hereafter will be scrubbing and scouring. (Cheers.) But there is another precious paragraph that I will read:

"He believed that the strongest supporters of slavery were the merchants of New York and Boston. He always understood, and had never seen the statement contradicted, that the whole of the ships fitted out for the transport of slaves from Africa to Cuba were owned by Northerners."

(Loud laughter.) His lordship, if he will do me the honor to read my speech, shall hear it contradicted in the most explicit terms. There have been enough Northern ships engaged, but not by any means all, nor the most. Baltimore has a preëminence in that matter; Charleston, and New Orleans, and Mobile, all of them. And those ships fitted out in New York were just as much despised, and loathed, and hissed by the honorable merchants of that great metropolis, as if they had put up the black flag of piracy. (Loud cheers.) Does it conduce to good feeling between two nations to make such atrocious slanders as these? His lordship goes on to say,—

"That in the Northern States the slave was placed in even a worse position than he was in the South. He spoke from experience, having visited the country twice."

I am most surprised, and yet gratified to learn that Lord Wharncliffe speaks of the suffering of the slave from experience. (Laughter and cheers.) I never was aware that he had been in that unhappy situation. Has he toiled on the sugar plantation? Has he taken the night for his friend, avoiding the day? Has he sped through cane-brakes, hunted by hounds, suffering hunger, and heat, and cold by turns, until he has made his way to the far Northern States? (Cheers.) Has he had this experience? The grammar is good. It is the word experience I call attention to. If his lordship says that it is his observation, I will accept the correction. I continue:

"In railway carriages and hotels, the negroes were treated as pariahs and outcasts, and never looked upon as men and brothers, but rather as dogs." (Cheers.)

In all railway cars where Southerners travel, in all hotels where Southerners' money was the chief support, this is true. But allow me to say frankly, that there has been some occasion for such statement, and there has been a prejudice in the North against the negro. I speak this the more, because it has been a part of my duty any time these last sixteen years to protest against it; and a well-dressed and well-behaved colored man has never had molestation or question on entering my church, and taking any seat he pleased in the whole house; not because I had influence with my people to prevent it, but because God gave me a people whose own good sense and consciences led them to do it of their own accord. But from this vantage ground it has been my duty to mark out the unrighteous prejudice of which the colored people have suffered in the North; and it is a part of the great moral revolution which is going on, that these prejudices have been in a great measure vanquished, and are now well-nigh trodden down. In the city of New York, there is one street railroad where colored people cannot ride, but in others they may; and in all the railroads of New England, there is not one railroad in which a colored man would be questioned if he rides there. I believe that the colored man may start from the line of the British dominions from the North, and traverse all New England and New York till he touches the waters of the western lakes, and never be molested and questioned, passing on as any decent white man would pass.

But let me ask you how came there to be this prejudice? It did not exist before the war of independence. How did it grow up? It grew up as one of the accursed offshoots of slavery. Where you make a race odious by oppression, all that belong to that race will participate in that odioum, whether they be free or slave. And the South have maintained that institution which has made the African a prejudiced man even in the North. How, next, did that prejudice come to exist? It was on account of the multitude of Irishmen who came to the States. (Cheers and interruption.) I declare my admiration for many of these people who have illustrated the page of history in every department. It is part of the fruit of ignorance, and, as they allege, the oppression that they have suffered, that it has made them oppressors. I bear witness that there is no class of people in America who are so bitter against the colored people, and so eager for slavery, as the ignorant, the poor, uninstructed Irishmen. ("Oh," and "hear," and "Three cheers for old Ireland.") But, although there have been wrongs done to them in the North, the condition of the free colored people in the North is unspeakably better than in the South. They own their wives and children. (Hear, hear.) They have the right to select their place and their kind of labor; their rights of property are protected just as much as ours are. The right of education is accorded to them. There is in the city of New York more than ten million dollars of property owned by free colored people. (Hear.) They have their own schools; they have their own churches; their own orators, and there is no more gifted man, and no man whose superb eloquence more deserves to be listened to than Frederick Douglass (loud cheers;) and if you think that he has too much white blood, then there is Samuel Ward who is as black as black can be; and if you can find any man in the South who is superior to him in sense, in logic, and in eloquence, you will find a man who has never yet appeared in any of their councils. I say still further than that, that since the breaking out of this war, the good conduct of the slaves at the South, and the good conduct of the free colored people at the North, has gone far to increase the kind feelings of the whites towards them; and since they have begun to fight for their rights of manhood, there are beginning to be the elements of a popular enthusiasm for them. (Loud cheers.) I will venture to say that there is no place on the earth where so many colored people stand in a position so auspicious for the future as the free colored men and the freed slaves of the South and of the North. [Cheers.]

I meant to have said a good deal more to you than I have, or I shall have time to say. ("Go on.") I have endeavored to place before you those facts which go to show that slavery was the real cause of this war, and that if it came to the citation of facts, whether North or South were the more guilty in this matter, there could be no question, I think, before any honorable tribunal, any jury, any deliberative body, that the decision will be that the South, from beginning to end, for the sake of slavery, has been aggressive, and the North patient. Since the war broke out, the North has been more and more coming upon the high ground of moral principle, until now the Government has taken ground for emancipation, and has issued its proclamation of emancipation. (Groans, and counter cheers, and a voice, "Go home!") (There was at this point an outrageous interruption from a person in the gallery, who was removed.)

It has been said very often in my hearing, and oftener I have read it since I have been in England—the last reading I had of it was from the pen of Lord Brougham. (Hisses and cries of "chair, chair," and disorder, which continuing for some time, Mr. Beecher sat down. When it had somewhat subsided, he continued.) It is said that the North is fighting for the Union, and not for the emancipation of the African. Why are we fighting for the Union, but because we believe that the Union and its government, administered now by Northern men, will work out the emancipation of every living being? (Loud cheering.) If it be meant that the North went into this war with the immediate object of the emancipation of the slaves, it never professed to do it; but it went into war for the Union, with the distinct understanding, on both sides, that, if the Union was maintained, slavery could not live long. (Cheers.) Do you suppose that it is wise to separate the interest of the slave from the interest of the other people on the continent, and to inaugurate a policy which took in him alone? He has got to stand or fall with all of us, (hear, hear,) and the only sound policy for the North is that policy which shall be for the benefit of the North, of the South, of the blacks, and of the whites, (cheers,) and we hold that the maintenance of the Union—the fundamental principles which are contained in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—that this is the way to secure to the African ultimately his rights and his best estate. So that, in this way, the North did come into this conflict with the prayer, the hope, rather than, I had almost said, the expectation, that God would bless their endeavor to the perfection of liberty over all the continent. (Loud cheers.) The condition of the North was that of a ship carrying passengers tempest-tossed, and while the sailors were laboring, and the captain and officers directing, some grumblers would come up from amongst the passengers and say, "You are all the time working to save the ship, but you don't care to save the passengers." I should like to know how you would save the passengers so well as by taking care of the ship? (At this point the chairman read to the meeting a telegram relative to the seizure of the rams at Liverpool. The effect was startling; the audience rose to their feet, while cheer after cheer was given.)

Allow me to say of the conduct of the colored people, our citizens, (for in New York colored people vote, as they do also in Massachusetts and in several other Northern States; Mr. Wharncliffe—Lord Wharncliffe, I beg his pardon, to the contrary notwithstanding,) that it is a subject of universal remark that no men, on either side, have carried themselves more gallantly, more bravely, than the colored regiments that have been fighting for their government and their liberty. My own youngest brother is colonel of one of those regiments, and from him I learn many of the most interesting facts concerning them. The son of one of the most estimable and endeared of my friends in my congregation was the colonel of that regiment that charged at Fort Wagner. He fell at the head of his men—hundreds fell—and when inquest was made for his body, it was reported by men in the fort that he had been "buried with his niggers;" and on his grave-stone yet it shall be written, "The man that dared to lead the poor and the oppressed out of their oppression died with them and for them, and was buried with them." (Cheers.) On the Mississippi, the conduct of the colored regiments is so good, that, although many of the officers who command them are Southern men, and until recently had the strongest Southern prejudices, these prejudices are almost entirely broken down, and there is no difficulty whatever in finding officers, Northern or Southern, to take command of just as many of these regiments as can be raised. It is an honorable testimony to the good conduct and courage of these long-abused men, whom God is now bringing by the Red Sea of war out of the land of Egypt, and into the land of promise. (Cheers.)

I have said that it would give me great pleasure to answer any courteous questions that might be proposed to me. If I cannot answer them, I will do the next best thing—tell you so. (Hear.) The length to which this meeting has been protracted, and the very great conviction that I seem to have wrought by my remarks on this Pentecostal occasion in yonder Gentile crowd, (loud laughter,) admonish me that we had better open some kind of "meeting of inquiry." (Renewed laughter.) It will give me great pleasure as a gentleman, to receive questions from any gentlemen, (hear, hear,) and to give such reply as is in my power.

[No questions were put to the eloquent orator.]

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

Last evening, a crowded and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Whittington Club, to hear an address from George Thompson, Esq., on the present phase of the American question. The following were among the gentlemen present:—Messrs. Gorrie, R. Moore, Whittaker, Lyndall, Chesson, Judge Winter, of Georgia; Passmore Edwards, W. E. Corner, Bailie Corner, of Wick, N. B.; John P. Jewett, Boston, United States; W. Farmer, &c.

S. Lucas, Esq., having taken the chair, remarked that he had seen many great movements, but had known no organization that had made more efficient and rapid progress than the Emancipation Society. (Hear, hear.) After the great meeting in Exeter Hall, and the demonstrations throughout the country which ensued, all idea of recognizing the Southern States was abandoned; and although it was revived at the close of the session by Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay—(hisses)—they all knew what was the result. (Laughter and cheers.) Some foolish people, perhaps, might think that an association to be influential should have a duke for its patron, and twenty men of title for its vice-patrons; but they had associated with them those who really influenced and guided public opinion—men like John Stuart Mill, Professors Goldwin Smith, Cairnes, and Newman, and Mr. Baptist Noel. (Cheers.) The association was now about to begin the winter campaign by a series of lectures, with a view to keep the public well-informed, and to counteract the fallacies which had been so industriously circulated. (Hear, hear.) Touching upon Earl Russell's speech at Blairgowrie, he attributed the stoppage of the steam-rams to the influence exerted by the society, and congratulated his lordship upon his conversion to sounder views upon the American question. After alluding to the gratifying circumstance that Mr. George Thompson was privileged now to take part in another movement for the abolition of slavery, which promised to be equally successful with that which he so eloquently advocated thirty years ago, he concluded by calling upon that gentleman to address the meeting.

Mr. Thompson, on rising, was received with loud cheering. He observed that the Confederacy had thousands of advocates in this country when the rebellion broke out, but their numbers were now daily diminishing. The army of General Lee had been driven back into the heart of Virginia; Vicksburg and Port Hudson had fallen; success had crowned the efforts of Generals Burnside and Rosecrans, and Tennessee was free. (Applause.) For the last three months, the success of the Northern arms had been constant and without check. President Lincoln, moreover, in his letter to two conventions, had declared that his emancipation proclamation could not be revoked. (Cheers.) So far from the Copperheads having been able to produce any reaction, the best members of the Democratic party have united with the Republican party to keep Mr. Lincoln—(cheers)—firmly in the seat he so honorably fills. All the predictions which the mendacious correspondents of the *Times* had indulged, taking their inspiration from Fernando Wood and Captain Rynders, had been falsified. It was the wish of the pro-slavery party in this country that the great empire, embracing 30,000,000 of people, should be shattered. For this they had labored, struggled, and lied; but all in vain. The papers that had done right in this great crisis might look with pity and contempt upon those leading journals—so-called—which had, by their mendacity, rendered themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world. (Cheers.)

Alluding to Earl Russell's reply to Mr. Sumner's strictures, he said it was not an answer to Mr. Sumner, but an apology for himself.

May I not congratulate you (he continued) and condole with the Confederates on the departure from our coasts of that bird of ill-omen, Mr. Mason? We now stand as we ever ought to have stood, in a fair and friendly relation to the United States. (Loud cheers.) From the commencement of the war, the efforts of the North had been attended with continued success, so far as recovering territory was concerned. Two-fifths, if not one-half of the territory claimed by Jefferson Davis when the war broke out had been recovered to the Union.

This was a rebellion of slaveholders; it was planned, commenced, and was maintained by slaveholders, their object being the indefinite extension and everlasting perpetuation of the accursed system of slavery. The negro, by this war, had been elevated to a position which no man could have thought it possible to attain within a period of fifty years. Some hundreds of thousands had already been liberated under the President's proclamation, and in Tennessee, Maryland, and other States, the slaveholders were of opinion that slaves could no longer be held, and an entire change would have to be affected in the system of labor.

The lecturer then gave a deeply interesting account of the progress of the abolition party in America, and the causes of the present war. In conclusion he said:—We can now see the prospect of the entire annihilation of the slaveholding oligarchy. Time will soon heal all intestine animosities, the negro will be elevated, and that great country will enter upon a career of unparalleled and unending prosperity. The lecturer resumed his seat amidst prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.

The Rev. J. Sella Martin moved, and Mr. John Gorrie seconded, the following resolution:—

"That this meeting view, with extreme satisfaction, the progress of Northern arms in the American conflict, and at the collateral progress of emancipation, and express a hope that the doctrines of neutrality recently enunciated by Earl Russell may be faithfully and efficiently carried out by the Government."

The resolution was carried by acclamation.

—*London Morning Star.*

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1863.

CELEBRATION OF THE THIRD DECADE OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in the city of New York, in May last, it was unanimously

Resolved, That in accordance with usage, and from reasons of obvious fitness, it is proper that the completion of another Decade of the Society's existence should be marked by a special public meeting devoted to a general review and survey of the cause; and that therefore this Society, when it adjourns on this occasion, will adjourn to meet in the city of Philadelphia, on the 3d day of December next, then and there to celebrate, in an appropriate manner, the thirtieth—and we would fain hope the final—anniversary of its formation."

In accordance with this vote, the Executive Committee hereby announce that the THIRD DECADE of the Society will be held in Philadelphia, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863.

Historically, it will be an occasion of thrilling interest and joyous congratulation, unequalled in the eventful career of the Society since its formation. Unquestionably, it will be largely attended by the friends of universal liberty, representing every section of the country loyal to the Government. Who among them will need any stronger appeal than the simple announcement of the fact to induce him to be present, if circumstances should permit? Let them make their arrangements accordingly. "Whosoever will, let him come"—come in the spirit of justice and love—come as remembering those in bonds as bound with them—come as one abhorring "the guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man"—come to put down the rebellion by helping to exterminate the hideous system from which it has legitimately sprung!

A strong array of able and eloquent speakers will be in attendance.

[Further particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } *Secretaries.*

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND."

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society congratulate its members and friends that, through the madness, rebellion and secession of the South, avowedly in behalf of its Heaven-accursed and world-abhorred slave system,—involving the country in a civil war of the hugest proportions and the most sanguinary character, which still continues its desolating work,—the constitutional powers of the Federal Government are now ample to decree the immediate and total abolition of slavery. They believe that, as a measure of national peace and unity, of humanity and justice, such a decree should be passed by the ensuing Congress at as early a period in the session as practicable,—thus not only sustaining the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln of January 1st, 1863, but also effectually disposing of that remnant of the slave institution which was exempted by the Proclamation aforesaid, in such manner as may seem most equitable and expedient by Congress.

The warrant for this procedure is to be found in the still greatly imperilled state of the republic, and in the legitimate functions of the Government that may be exercised in such an alarming crisis. By common law, an individual has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law. In view of international law, a nation is an individual, and has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law; one of those means being the destruction of any dynasty or institution that imperils national life. Slavery has struck at the life of the nation, and declared its own existence incompatible with that of the nation. Hence the nation, acting through its official organs, has the right to abolish slavery throughout its dominions; and past events demonstrate alike the necessity and duty of exercising this right without delay and without compromise.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, therefore, deeply impressed with the importance of a general co-operation of the friends of impartial liberty at this time, in order to influence and secure the action of Congress in the manner described, hereby announce, that they have resolved to put forthwith into the lecturing field as many agents as the funds of the Society will warrant, whose sole work shall be to enlighten the public mind on this subject, stimulate to a wide-spread movement in favor of universal emancipation, and thus make the recurrence of another SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION an impossible event.

To sustain and increase the number of these agents, the Committee solicit the generous contributions and donations of all who desire to see the speedy suppression of the war, and in the fullest sense "LIBERTY AND UNION" made "ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

In furtherance of this patriotic and Christian object, the "Women's Loyal National League" at New York has taken the field, in advance, to procure to a petition to the next Congress, for the total abolition of slavery, A MILLION OF SIGNATURES on the part of the loyal women of the republic. It deserves all possible encouragement and success, and we shall extend to it the heartiest co-operation. But let the loyal MEN be equally zealous and resolved to be as potentially heard in the same manner, by the same body. Let such a petition be sent to Congress from every city, town, village and hamlet in all the loyal States. No time is to be lost. "*One last, best effort now!*"

The Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society is WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq., 8 Railroad Exchange, Boston, Mass. Donations may also be sent to OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq., Anti-Slavery Office, 48 Beekman Street, New York, and to J. MILLER MCKIM, Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHAS. C. BURLEIGH, } *Secretaries.*

☞ *Editors of newspapers, friendly to the object here announced, are respectfully requested to insert this announcement in their columns.*

ONE MILLION SIGNATURES!

CIRCULATE THE PETITION!

The Loyal Women of the Republic, through their National Association, resolved in May last to attempt to procure a MILLION signatures of loyal women to the following petition:—

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

The undersigned, Women of the United States above the age of eighteen years, earnestly pray that your honorable body will pass, at the earliest practicable day, an Act emancipating all persons of African descent held to involuntary service or labor in the United States.

Let the loyal women of Massachusetts see to it that they are not outdone by their sisters in any other State in the number of names appended by them to this petition—a petition which goes to the very root of the rebellion and all our national troubles, by asking Congress to terminate what remains of slavery outside of the President's 1st of January Proclamation in such manner as to that body may seem advisable.

To accomplish the Herculean task contemplated, INDIVIDUAL EFFORT AND CONSECRATION are needed in every city, town, and village. Time is pressing—the object is godlike—the opportunity to give the death-blow to slavery must not be allowed to pass unimproved.

A WRONG USE OF THE TITLE.

We devote a large portion of our present number to a very racy and telling speech delivered by Henry Ward Beecher, at the Free Trade Hall, in Manchester, (Eng.) Oct. 9th, as reported in the *Examiner* and *Times* of that city. There was an immense audience present, attracted by the fame of the speaker, and by the intense interest felt in the subject of the lecture. It appears that there was a sprinkling of rebel sympathizers present, but the vast multitude were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of friendly feelings in behalf of the American Government and President Lincoln. The occasion was one of extraordinary attraction, and Mr. Beecher must have felt highly gratified at the handsome reception given him.

There is one portion of his speech which we cannot allow to pass without animadversion. He claims it as "a historical fact, that all the great and renowned men that flourished at the period of our Revolution were ABOLITIONISTS." Among these he names Washington, Jefferson, and "the principal Virginian and Southern statesmen." That Washington was in favor of an ultimate termination of slavery,—that Jefferson, in view of the wrongfulness of slavery, "trembled for his country when he remembered that God was just, and that his justice would not sleep forever,"—and that some of the Southern statesmen indicated a disposition to regard slavery as an evil,—at the time referred to, is true; yet these were all slaveholders, and remained such to the close of life—Jefferson, unlike Washington, leaving all his slaves in bondage after his death. To call such men ABOLITIONISTS is as great a misuse of language, as it would be to call those Christians, who, while expressing their opposition to idolatry in the abstract, should live and die idol-worshippers.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF BELLIGERENT RIGHTS.

At one of the Sessions of the Social Scientific Congress recently held in Ghent, there was an interesting discussion of the rights of neutrals, in which MM. Henri Marten Villaume and Clamageran took part. M. Clamageran, a sound French writer on questions of political economy, contended for the necessity of ascertaining the character of a belligerent power before proceeding to a definition of the rights of belligerents. His remarks have so direct a bearing upon the questions of international law now at issue between the United States and Great Britain that their profound wisdom merits consideration. We quote:

"What should be the criterion? Hitherto it has been the fact which has given birth to the right. If the insurrection lasts, the insurgents become belligerents; that is, by the fact. It is time to substitute for this justice and right. These are the principles: First, there must be oppression, and the oppression must be manifested by the protests of the oppressed, who must have exhausted pacific means. Out of these principles there is injustice and anarchy. Present events afford us what the English call an 'illustration' of these principles. In America we see a group of men, the proprietors of slaves, rise against the established government. They have been recognised as belligerents. Is the recognition right? No. The South enjoyed all possible liberty. If it had complaints to make, it had every means of bringing them forward. Moreover, it had a considerable share of power. And yet it had recourse to war without employing any pacific means, and rose in order that it might maintain the right of oppressing the blacks. Not that that right was disputed, but because the chief magistrate of the nation had an opinion opposed to it. These are the people whom France and England have recognised as belligerents. We are justified, therefore, in saying that if these two nations are at the head of civilization, their governments are sometimes in the rear. The motive of France may be divined—it is mistrust of liberty. In England a noble sight has been seen; the meetings of workmen, who, in spite of the death of cotton, have repelled the slavery men. That is a great contrast with the acts of the government. In another quarter of the world something very different is occurring. Poland, an ancient nation, has been divided by an act of brigandage; it has been oppressed by the powerful. Have the people submitted? Never; they have unceasingly protested. They have arisen again, and for what cause? To retain their sons in the midst of them. Here, then, are belligerents, if ever there were any. And yet France and England have not recognised them! In the name of right we protest."

Compare this transatlantic view of International law with that of Wendell Phillips, as presented by him in a discourse at Music Hall ("Under the Flag,") April 21, 1861, and to be found on page 405 of Mr. Redpath's volume:—

"Further than this, we should have the right to remind them [the South,] in the words of our Declaration of Independence, that 'governments long established are not to be changed for light and transient causes,' and that, so long as government fulfils the purposes for which it was made,—the liberty and happiness of the people,—no one section has the right capriciously to make changes which destroy joint interests, advantages bought by common toil and sacrifice, and which division necessarily destroys. Indeed, we should have the right to remind them that no faction, in what has been recognized as one nation, can claim, by any law, the right of revolution to set up or to preserve a system which the common conscience of mankind stamps as wicked and infamous. The law of nations is only another name for the common sense and average conscience of mankind. It does not allow itself, like a county court, to be hoodwinked by parchments or confused by technicalities. In its vocabulary, the right of revolution means the right of the people to protect themselves, not the privilege of tyrants to tread under foot good laws, and claim the world's sympathy in riveting weakened chains."

LETTER FROM GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

LONDON, Oct. 3, 1863.

MY DEAR GARRISON:

The news by the Scotia is not such as we were anticipating and desired to receive; but we see nothing in it of a dispiriting character. The Confederates have, doubtless, obtained a temporary success; but we shall look to see the late disasters repaired, and to hear of the defeat of Bragg, Polk, Longstreet, and their co-conspirators. The events of the last three months have wrought a great change in the feelings, convictions and views of the people here. The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson—the absolute freedom of the waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries—the continuous successes of the Northern arms in the South-west—the expulsion of Lee from Pennsylvania—the suppression of the copperhead Irish riots in New York—the firm and effectual enforcement of the draft, Wood, Seymour, Vallandigham, and the *World* and *Herald* to the contrary notwithstanding—the letter of the President, so full of assurance on the subject of the proclamation—the position taken by the negroes in the grand drama now developing in its final acts—the elections in California, Maine, Vermont, and elsewhere—the evident overthrow of the malevolent and pro-slavery schemes of the traitorous peace party—the masterly exposure of our English Government by your noble Senator in his recent magnificent oration—the display of power made at Charleston, and the certain doom of that wicked city—these, and other things, have wrought a striking result here. The miscreant Mason has fled to his rebel associate at Paris—Earl Russell has been forced to defend his past conduct, and to brand the cause of the South as infamous—the *Times* has been brought to see in the North "a mighty nation," destined to be "a firs-trate power," whichever may be the form of its future government—journals of lesser note and inferior powers of evil, are following its example—the once blatant traducers of the North are silenced and humiliated—the Lairds, Lindsays and Roebucks are mourning over the fate of the steam rams, and find their occupation gone—and the friends of the Republic of Freedom and the slave are full of hope and confidence, and are cultivating magnanimity towards the base and venal tools of Jeff. Davis, and the perjured hero of the 2d of December. You will henceforth see all changed here. The word has gone forth—the cue has been given—the press has received its instructions from headquarters; and for the future it will be—THE UNITED STATES, ENGLAND and the CZAR, against NAPOLEON and JEFF. DAVIS—Anti-Slavery Britain and the North against the flesh-mongers of the South, and their allies on the plains of Mexico.

Ever yours, GEORGE THOMPSON.

HENRY W. BEECHER AT THE FREE TRADE HALL.

A meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, England, on Friday evening, October 9th, "to welcome the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on his public appearance in this country." The hall was extremely crowded, and there were probably 6000 persons present. It was supposed, from the paper war of placards for the previous fortnight, that the meeting might be disturbed by partisans of the Confederate States. Arrangements had, therefore, been made for the prompt suppression of disorder; and notices to that effect were posted about the room. The chair was taken at half past six, by Mr. Francis Taylor. At the same time, the entrance of Mr. Beecher, accompanied by Mr. Bazley, M. P., and some prominent members of the Union and Emancipation Society, was the signal for enthusiastic cheering.

One of the honorable secretaries (Mr. Greening) stated that the following letter had been addressed to his colleague, Mr. Edwards, and himself, by their president, from Scotland:—

PITNACREE, DUNKELD, Oct. 8, 1863.

Gentlemen,—I regret that I shall not be able to be with you on Friday, to join in your welcome to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as I am suffering from the effects of severe influenza. I have firm faith that, purified from the plague-spot of slavery, the republic will emerge in its integrity from this war with renewed life and vigor. I desire, however, most earnestly to impress upon the working men of Manchester, that the struggle now going on in America is their own battle; for on the maintenance of the great republic in the West depends in a great degree the progress of popular institutions all over the world. This the enemies of freedom well know, and, therefore, imperial influences abroad, as well as selfish and oligarchal sympathies at home, are brought to bear in favor of the slaveholding conspirators. Mr. Beecher will be able to tell his fellow-countrymen that, whoever else be against them, the hearts of the working men of England, and I believe throughout Europe, beat in unison with those who are fighting the battle of freedom on the other side of the Atlantic.

Yours, &c.

(Signed) THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER.

The Hon. Secretaries of the Union and Emancipation Society.

(Prolonged applause.) Letters also had been received from Mr. W. E. Forster, M. P., for Bradford, (cheers,) and Mr. Bright, M. P., (prolonged cheering,) regretting their inability to be present. Mr. Bright said, "I am grieved to be away from home when Mr. Beecher is in the neighborhood." (Loud cheers.)

The Chairman said he felt proud of the honor of chairmanship conferred upon him on this occasion; and, in reliance upon their kind forbearance, he would endeavor to discharge the duties to the best of his ability. (Applause.) He could promise that the preliminary proceedings should not be long. They had come together to welcome the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on his first public appearance in England; (loud cheers,) and, notwithstanding all the attempts which had been made in public and in private to deter persons from being present, he was happy to see such a large and crowded assembly. (Cheers.)

Mr. Greening read the following address:—

Rev. and Dear Sir,—As members of the Union and Emancipation Society, we avail ourselves of this, your first public appearance in England, after a tour undertaken for the purpose of relaxation, to welcome you, not only as a citizen of a great and free country, but as one who, for a long series of years, has been a prominent and successful pioneer in the cause of human progress. Though separated from you by the broad Atlantic, we have been earnest spectators of your fearless and persistent advocacy of the personal rights of the colored race, amidst many perils and dangers, unmoved alike by the blandishments of office, or the threats of opponents; and also of your consistent adherence to the principles of political and religious liberty. We deeply deplore the dreadful calamity which has come upon your native country; but, believing as we do that its sole cause is to be found in that sum of all villanies—human slavery, we recognize in it the hand of retributive justice working out the inevitable punishment of wrong-doing, and overtaking not only the Southern slaveholder, whose hands are imbued with guilt, but our own country, from which you inherited this hideous institution, and the free States of America which have tolerated its existence. Living ourselves under a constitutional government, and having firm faith in representative institutions, we viewed with alarm the outbreak of a rebellion which its promoters avowed to be an attempt to raise an empire on the "corner-stone of slavery," and which was essentially a rebellion against free constitutional government, and an appeal from the ballot-box to the rifle. The success of such a rebellion would place constitutional liberty in jeopardy everywhere, and we congratulate you and your countrymen on the determined stand you have made to maintain unimpaired the great republic which has been handed down to you by your forefathers, and thus to present to the world a noble spectacle of self-denying patriotism. We rejoice that your statesmen, whilst maintaining that the restoration of the Union is a sacred obligation, have been led, step by step, to the recognition of the rights of the negro; thus vindicating the consistency of those who have labored in the anti-slavery cause for a quarter of a century, in the midst of obloquy and misrepresentation, supported only by their firm faith in the eternal principles of right and justice; and establishing for them a claim to the heartfelt gratitude of the lovers of freedom everywhere. In conclusion, we venture to hope that your visit may be the means of correcting some of the misrepresentations as to the position of this country in regard to the American struggle which have been assiduously spread by certain portions of the press, and of cementing the bonds of amity which ought forever to bind together in peace the two great representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race—England and America. The cordial alliance of these two powers may not be consistent with the designs of despotism, or be approved by the enemies of liberty here or elsewhere; but, being one in race, language, religion, and love of freedom, they may thus lead the van of civilization, and bid defiance to the shocks which jealousy or suspicion might bring upon them. In the firm hope that such a future may be in store for your country and ours, we bid you God speed in the enterprise in which you have been so long engaged and borne such a noble part.

Signed, on behalf of the Union and Emancipation Society,

THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, *President.*

Mr. Bazley, M. P., in a speech of some length, and which was much applauded, moved the adoption of the address by the meeting.

Mr. Estcourt seconded the motion.

The Chairman then put the resolution, and thousands of hands were thrust up high above the heads of the dense audience. After an interval of loud cheers, the chairman put the contrary, and amidst peals of derisive laughter and cheers, about fifty hands were held up.

The Chairman: I declare the resolution carried by a majority of 500 to 1. (Enthusiastic cheering.) The chairman, in handing the address to Mr. Beecher, expressed a hope that the reverend gentleman would long have health to continue his famed career.

The Rev. Mr. Beecher then turned to the audience to speak, but for several minutes he was prevented by deafening cheers, followed by a few hisses, which only provoked a renewed outburst of applause.

Mr. Beecher then proceeded to make a very stirring speech on American affairs, which was warmly responded to by the audience. [We give a full report of it in preceding columns.] At its conclusion, he expressed his readiness to answer any questions that might be propounded to him.

The reverend gentleman remained standing for a few moments, as if to give the opportunity of interrogation, but no one rising to question him, he sat down amidst great cheers. The speech lasted nearly two and a quarter hours.

The Chairman then declared the business of the meeting to be at an end, and expressed his thanks for the good order which had been maintained, contrary to certain ill-natured predictions. (Cheers and laughter.)

The chair having been taken by Mr. Bazley, a vote of thanks to Mr. Taylor for having presided was moved by Mr. Beecher, seconded by Mr. S. Watts, Jr., and passed by acclamation.

Mr. Taylor, in returning thanks, said that it was a subject of congratulation that the enemies to their cause would be now prevented from saying, as they had falsely said before, that the meeting had broken up in confusion. (Loud cheers.)

The National Anthem was then played on the organ, and the audience dispersed, several hundreds previously pressing round Mr. Beecher, to shake hands with him.

RUSSIA AND AMERICA.

The sympathies of nations are as various as their fortunes. Less than ten years ago, in these Northern United States, the name of Czar comprehended the quintessence of despotism, dark, brutal, and barbarous. At an earlier period, indeed, all over the country, that monarch was held up as the foil of our glorious liberty, especially in Fourth of July orations. But during the Crimean war, the line betwixt North and South was pretty distinctly drawn, the former almost unanimously favoring the Allies, the latter the Autocrat. The difference was plainly not the result of opposite opinions on the question at issue, but of opposite social systems, which obeyed a natural attraction in siding on the one hand with a civilization belonging to the present, on the other with that belonging to the past. The pulses of slavery and serfdom beat in unison, invariably. A country in which the serf might be worked without pay, overwhelmed with harsh treatment, atrociously punished, exiled in Siberia forever; in which his wife and daughters were subject to the lust of their master, to whom his property reverted at death, and who was responsible to the law only for the assassination of his slave; a country which cherished a privileged class alone endowed with the power to hold slaves, and the perpetual emulation of every inferior rank; a country in which the real natives were the serfs, and their oppressors foreigners, and in which the beard was the badge of servitude, as color among us; a country with no happy middle classes, no professional judges or lawyers, no trial by jury; a country in which the death-penalty was revived in 1825, after having slumbered for nigh a hundred years; a country which, under Catharine, struck the word Slave from its dictionary, as our fathers from the Constitution, with equal honesty and sincerity; a country which, in 1801, possessed not in all its extent a single bookstore, and in which, during the present century, professors of geography and astronomy were forbidden to teach anything not strictly in accordance with Genesis!—a country, in brief, of which these were the leading characteristics, could not fail to enlist the warmest sympathies of "the slaveholding lords of the South."

But short is the *entente cordiale* of two despotisms tending in diverse directions. The Southern States of America committed themselves deliberately to the slave-ship of 1620. Not so with Russia.

"A good man, even amid his blindfold striving,
Is of the right way conscious to himself."

Through the long night of dissensions, anarchy and tyranny, in the travail of her birth among the nations, she looked not backward, but ever forward. The nineteenth century found her not worshipping at the shrine of Boris Godounoff, emperor and usurper, the founder of serfdom, but, under the benevolent guidance of Alexander I., emancipating the slaves in the Baltic provinces. With the army of that monarch had returned, in 1816, from the occupation of Paris, the liberal ideas of republican France which it had fought to extinguish. As our soldiers will come back purged of all respect for slavery, so those who had assisted in the downfall of Napoleon went home with a new perception and a new abhorrence of the despotism under which they had lived. The outbreak which attended the decease of Alexander was the work of men striving for a constitutional representative monarchy. The attempt failed, and Nicholas trod out the fires of the glowing enthusiasm for liberty. The knout, the prison, the scaffold, the mines, and exile—these were the means by which he hoped to cheat the nation of its opportunity to advance with the age. He banished Tourgueneff, the apostle of emancipation, but he could not expatriate his ideas. The haughty Czar has gone to his account; the philanthropist survives, and witnesses the regeneration of his country and the liberation of the serfs by the son of his persecutor. The revolution which usually comes from below, has begun in this instance at the acme of power. A great people have been lifted up by the sublime justice of one man, their absolute sovereign, and now rush eagerly on in the race of civilization and progress.

It is here that the North should find the explanation of her revulsion of feeling towards Russia. Unhappily, in our admiration of the present Emperor for his humanity and courage in freeing the serfs, we are in danger of forgetting that he may be far from having acquitted himself of his whole duty to his fellowmen. We know that if he were fully impressed with the belief in the equality of mankind, he could not retain his sceptre a moment. The sight of his countrymen suffering under a shameful wrong—the statesmanlike estimation of their increased value as subjects when freed—the perception that only through emancipation could Russia attain the level of the first nations of the globe—or even the fatigue confessed by Frederic II. in ruling over slaves—these are sufficient motives for the Emperor's action, which we all applaud. But when he would thrust back Poland to the bloody grave to which his father sent her, we may, nay, we must protest in the name of that humanity whose laurels are fresh upon him. It is pitifully selfish to rejoice that France and England are snubbed on the mere suspicion of an intent to interfere between Poland and her oppressor; to taunt these powers with want of courage to declare belligerents the unfortunate Poles, or to play the neutral in their behalf. This is practically to admit that our struggle is one for empire, like Russia's, whereas our condemnation should be free and forthcoming, on the ground that we fight to crush a conspiracy for the creation of a new despotism, while Russia is enslaving a people whom it has twice murdered and deprived of their rightful liberty. Our cause cannot possibly be shaken; its justification is in the right of self-defence against a remorseless assassin, and as well in every principle of equity, order and law. We need not clap our hands when a seem

MEETING AT MILFORD.

A meeting of the Worcester County South Division Anti-Slavery Society was held at Milford, Saturday evening, October 17th, and continued through the day and evening of Sunday, the 18th, making four sessions in all, each of which was fully attended, and some of them crowded the commodious Lyceum Hall with interested and attentive hearers. The old members and friends of the Society in that vicinity were largely represented, and it was a re-union of true hearts infused with the spirit and earnest zeal needed for the present emergencies of the cause, that could but have made its impression upon the participants as well as upon the large audience that were gathered to hear.

The meetings were addressed by S. S. Foster, Parker Pillsbury, Adin Ballou, E. H. Heywood, and G. W. Stacy, and all of the speakers seemed inspired with a feeling of the deep importance of our principles and movement to the nation at this its crisis hour, and an earnest determination to labor for the entire redemption of the land from the curse of slavery, that it may have peace and prosperity within its borders, henceforth and forever.

Adin Ballou occupied most of the Sunday morning session in an address clearly elucidating the fundamental principles, and purposes, and duties of abolitionists, and the duty of all to be abolitionists, tracing the origin of the war to its true cause, and pointing at its sole remedy. His speech was listened to with warm interest, and gave great satisfaction to all the friends present, as happily meeting and harmonizing on our platform the supposed differences between peace and war abolitionists.

Mr. Ballou presented a series of thirteen resolutions, more, as he said, to give himself a frame-work for his address, and as defining his own position, than with the purpose of offering them for adoption; but as he read and elucidated each one at length by itself, the meeting felt that they clearly and beautifully defined the position of the Society, and on motion they were unanimously adopted.

[In consequence of their length, and the crowded state of our columns, we can find room for only the following of the series:]—*Ed. Lib.*

Resolved, That faithful and consistent abolitionists have abundant reason for grateful rejoicing in their own hearts, whatever the false accusations of their pro-slavery opposers, that the present dreadful civil war was not of their seeking, but has been caused, in spite of their timely reproofs and forewarnings, by the impenitence of this pro-slavery nation, South and North; and that the chastising lessons of the war, which have opened the reluctant eyes of the Federal Government and people to the malignant nature of the slaveholding institution so long cherished by them, and compelled them, against their old prejudices, to assail and partially abolish it under military necessity, inspire true anti-slavery souls with a profounder reverence for the immutable laws of divine order, and the most refreshing assurance, that the whole slaveholding abomination will finally be swept from the face of the earth.

Resolved, That the division of the Democratic party, the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, the accession of the Republican party to power, the rebellion, and the horrible civil war which has ensued, have been overruled by divine providence in a natural way for the overthrow of slavery, contrary to the original intentions and expectations of all the contending parties; and, therefore, our gratitude is due to the great Overruler of these events, and not to men.

Resolved, That abolitionists from pure moral principle had no warrantable reason to expect that President Lincoln, or the Republican party, would voluntarily proceed further towards the abolition of slavery than to prevent its extension into new territory, they being positively committed before the country not to disturb its status in the fifteen States where it swayed its dark sceptre over four millions of helpless victims; and, therefore, that the Administration and its loyal supporters, on their political plane, are justly entitled to cordial commendation for the emancipating proclamation, and their other acts for the abolition of slavery, whereby that abhorrent institution has been so deeply damaged, even though necessity and expediency, rather than naked moral principle, have ruled their counsels.

Resolved, That the hearty sympathy of all just and enlightened souls is with the government and loyal citizens of the United States in their terrible conflict with the rebellious slaveholders, whilst profound pity is due to all the suffering victims of the war, whether North or South; but that before the bar of eternal justice, such souls cannot hold the Federal Government and people innocent, however less guilty, of those persistent pro-slavery sins which have procured this terrible retribution; and, therefore, though their moral support must encourage the loyalists in all laudable efforts to maintain the integrity of the nation, it cannot flatter them that they have yet exercised due repentance, or put on the garments of clean anti-slavery righteousness, but must earnestly conjure them not to glory in mere military achievements against slavery, however brilliant, while they still foster the remains of the slaveholding system in their borders by moral and political sanctions.

Resolved, That faithful and consistent abolitionists, who adhere to the Declaration of 1833, whilst they have great things to hope and be thankful for, in behalf of the long-crushed slaves of this land, cannot rationally expect that the war-power of the Federal Government, however triumphant over the rebellion, will completely blot out the institution of slavery, much less insure full justice to the multitudes of nominally freed men; but that they have abundant reason to anticipate a fearful re-conspiracy of all the pro-slavery elements in the country, when politics shall succeed the clangor of arms, against the elevation of the colored millions; and, therefore, that it behooves all such abolitionists to gird up their loins for a long and severe contest with that low and selfish contempt for the colored race which has caused all this wickedness and misery—nor to dream of being discharged from their anti-slavery mission, as the prophets of justice, till the yet distant jubilee shall give full liberty to the last bondman of the American prison-house

Resolved, That a thorough anti-slavery man, who is also an anti-war man from principle, though he cannot consistently sanction, stimulate, or glorify even an anti-slavery war, is not, therefore, a less efficient abolitionist, since he can accord due credit to the motives and services of all who, in the same general cause, conscientiously occupy what seems to him a lower moral plane than his own, whilst he strikes the axe of Reform, as he thinks, far deeper than they into the roots of animal selfishness, and devotedly works for that spiritual regeneration which is indispensable to universal justice, order and harmony among mankind.

The following resolutions were submitted by Parker Pillsbury, and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the wasting desolations of the present war, reaching already through thirty months, with fearful prospect of bloody years yet to come, while the North has loudly boasted that in men, money, and all military resources, it is vastly superior to the South, afford alarming reason to apprehend that a mightier arm is lifted against us than all the rebellious hosts of the Confederate States.

Resolved, That if the Most High is the "God of battles," he is also the God of the oppressed; and while one slave appeals to Him against us, from any State, however loyal, or claimant, however patriotic, the honor and the throne of the universe are pledged against our military success or national salvation.

The Finance Committee made a good collection, and the meeting, which was quite harmonious and pleasant, as well as spirited and earnest, and protracted in its sessions, closed with good feelings and hopeful aspirations on all hands, and was a season long to be remembered by the friends present.

JOSIAH HENSHAW, *President.*
JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, *Secretary.*

LETTER FROM SAMUEL MAY, JR.

The following letter from the Secretary of the Society was read at the opening of the Sunday afternoon session:—

LEICESTER, Oct. 11, 1863.

To the Secretary of the Worcester County South Anti-Slavery Society:

I find, now, that I shall not be able to attend the County meeting at Milford next Sunday; which I regret, for it would be a great pleasure to me to meet again the members and friends of the Society in which, and with whom, and with some who *were* with us, but are gone hence, I have worked for twenty-five years, in behalf of one of the noblest and most Christian causes for which men ever associated together,—the abolition of American slavery. How long we worked, in darkness of the world, yet in God's light, amid the abuse, misrepresentation, derision and hostility of those in high places of Church and of State, yet with perfect reliance upon the excellence of our cause, and in confident assurance of its coming perfect triumph, although *we* might not live to see that triumph with our bodily eyes! The irresistible power of God, working alike through the instrumentality of the friends and of the enemies of the Anti-Slavery cause, has led that cause steadily and constantly onward, until the signs of its approaching triumph fill all the air around and the skies above us. We *have* lived to see slavery receive a blow, which cannot fail to prove a death-blow, in the house of its most devoted and fanatical worshippers. We, who have given the best part of our lives to the work of showing slavery in its true colors and character to the people of this nation, have been permitted to live to see the people execrate the vile thing, which so long claimed their service and obedience, and to witness the conscience, the wisdom, the moral sentiment, and the patriotism of the land joining in one mighty effort to overthrow it, and destroy it forever. Slavery has fully developed and demonstrated, beyond all controversy, its infamous, its tyrannical, its blasphemous character, and THE NATION now recognizes it as that one, desperate, malignant foe, every vestige of whose life must be crushed out, if it would save its own, or leave to posterity a country to be enjoyed in peace, and honored for its nobleness. Nevertheless, much work is still to be done ere the victory is perfectly achieved. While slaveholders are being rapidly converted, or at least persuaded to set the cause of their country above slavery, and to sacrifice slavery to preserve their country, there is at the North a servile and shameless race, led on by old, corrupt, pro-slavery politicians, who are really more devoted to the service of slavery, and more desirous of keeping it a power in the land, (for their own selfish ends, of course, for they have no other,) than, if possible, the most thoroughgoing slaveholders themselves. These enemies of God and man, who are now throwing every obstacle in the way of the true peace of the country, its honor and its liberties, which malignity, low cunning, and a desperate cause can suggest, are not at the South, but in the North. Let it be our work, in good measure, to foil these wretches of their object, and unmask their designs, wherever they are not sufficiently understood now. The Copperhead of the North, fit fellow of the Rattlesnake of the South, and together furnishing the best possible illustration and emblem of the cause they serve, must be and will be driven out from our land, even as St. Patrick is said to have driven every reptile out of Ireland; and none are better qualified to wield the mighty weapons of truth for this good work than they whose long study of slavery and its allies enables them to detect the man-stealer in every disguise, and to hold him up to the detestation of mankind. Such is the fate which awaits those craven and recreant Northerners, who are now striving to erect slavery again into the place of rule and power, from which its own crimes have driven it. May they lead but few with them to destruction!

With best wishes for a pleasant and useful meeting, and with the liveliest faith in the speedy triumph of Freedom.

I am the Society's friend and servant,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.

MEETING AT EAST PRINCETON.

The Worcester County North Anti-Slavery Society held its meeting, according to previous appointment, Sunday, Oct. 10th, at East Princeton. Its exercises continued through the day and evening. The audience in attendance was not large, but quite an interest seemed to characterize the Convention throughout, especially in the evening, which was mainly devoted to the discussion of the merits of Abraham Lincoln and the Government officials at Washington, relative to the slavery question.

A collection was taken up, which, together with what was previously in the hands of the Treasurer, was handed over to Messrs. Pillsbury and Heywood.

The time of the Convention was mainly occupied by Parker Pillsbury, E. H. Heywood, and Susan B. Anthony.

The following preamble and resolutions were offered by E. H. Heywood:—

Whereas, the anti-slavery sentiment of the American people, be it more or less, is avowedly a matter of selfish expediency, not of religious duty, aiming first to serve the Union, then "to establish justice;" first to obey men, afterwards God; and whereas, while the inhuman and sinful claim of property in man is guaranteed to every "loyal" oppressor, a million bondmen groan in "loyal" chains, and the President, proposing to emancipate the slaves of rebels only, overrides all safeguards of freedom, and relentlessly executes the Fugitive Slave Law in the District of Columbia, favors the continuance of slavery in Missouri, and suffers Maryland and Kentucky to re-enslave freedmen escaping from the insurgent States—the Federal Government, in spirit, purpose and action, is still in agreement in the service of slaveholders; therefore,

Resolved, That the original enterprise of the Abolitionists to regenerate the American people and their institutions is nowise accomplished; and that whatever incidental advantages may or may not have accrued to the Anti-Slavery cause in a transient military phase of the struggle, we must keep steadily in view the main issue, the overthrow of slavery as an idea and a system, regarding nothing done while *that* remains undone.

Resolved, That the union of freemen with oppressors in the dishonest and immoral compact of '89, which deliberately consigned the weaker race to perpetual slavery, was a highhanded conspiracy against justice and freedom, of which this unparalleled civil war proclaims the crime and its retribution.

Resolved, That to continue that compact of which this Slaveholders' Rebellion is the natural and legitimate offspring would be a greater calamity than the Rebellion itself; that we demand emancipation, not as a "military necessity," or as the gift of an irresponsible and despotic war power, but "in the name of humanity, and according to the law of the living God"; and until the Government proclaims and guarantees freedom to every slave within its jurisdiction, the Union, or a war for its restoration, is a delusion and a cheat, unworthy the support of Abolitionists, an offence to civilization, and accursed of Heaven.

Resolved, That so far as rendering "unconditional loyalty" to the Federal Government, as at present constituted, the prime object of the Anti-Slavery enterprise has been and *still is*, to REORGANIZE that Government on the basis of "No Union with Slaveholders," and that holding the principle of liberty of more value than a few paltry acres of Union, we would a thousand fold prefer separation to the continuance of this foul partnership with slavemongers, even though that separation should restrict us to New England or Plymouth Rock.

The following resolutions were submitted for the consideration of the Convention, and remarked upon at some length by Susan B. Anthony of New York:

Resolved, That this Society still believes in the importance and propriety, and at this hour of *the necessity* of petitioning the Government for the entire abolition of slavery, as the grand cause and only possible *permanent* cure of the calamity which now desolates the country.

Resolved, That we will cheerfully coöperate in the widest possible circulation of the Petition of the "Woman's Loyal League," as a well and wisely directed movement for achieving this all-important end.

M. H. MIRICK, *Sec'y.*

FREEDOM CONVENTION OF THE SLAVE STATES.

TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM IN THE SLAVE STATES.

The war which has now existed for near three years, taxing all the strength and devotion of the loyal people of this republic to suppress the rebellion, has developed no fact more striking than the necessity of assimilating all re-occupied territory before peace can be reposed upon. The intrinsic hostility between communities differing so widely in their social structure re-appears constantly in the rear of our conquests with more virulence from the temporary depressions inflicted. Assimilation, and with it permanent peace, can only take place upon the doing away with that institution upon which the rebellion is predicated, and from which it derives all of its sympathy and encouragement in the loyal States. Nowhere are there now seen either men or parties embarrassing the prosecution of the war, who do not connect therewith an open hostility to all measures that tend to relieve the country of the slave system. To suppress by force this rebellion, therefore, if such a course were much more practicable than it has been found to be, and leave the cause untouched to breed other rebellions, and enkindle hereafter constant animosities ready as the present has done to appeal for solution to the arbitrament of civil war, would be national suicide. Its effects upon the several States would be even more disastrous, antagonizing them against each other necessarily from the presence of that institution, around which would cling so many memories of a past conflict, and laying waste their fields, depopulating their villages, making all tenures of life and property utterly insecure in the subsequent strife for supremacy that would result between different classes of the community. Hence it is that an insistance upon freedom policies, both national and state, presents itself as the supremest duty of the hour—a duty not to be subordinated to any theory of the past, or any hesitancy of the present. Indeed, the making of such an issue in the reconquered territory, and in those slave States which have adhered to the Union, is one of present self-preservation to them, as has been amply demonstrated by the atrocities perpetrated under the name of guerilla warfare throughout Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Maryland, and Kentucky, and demands a promptitude of action coincident with the distress entailed by the mere existence of a slave system in our midst. Changes which, in other days and for other reasons, might well have assumed a gradual character, now find in the perils of the times no excuse for delay, but every incitement to an immediate corrective.

To insure, however, the requisite unity and support to the friends of freedom in the slave States, it is primarily essential that the General Government should adopt in its civil, no less than its military administration, a line of action that will recognize, so far as may be authorized, freedom to be the true basis of loyalty, and give to the communities involved sufficient guaranties that there will be no retrogression in the future; but, on the contrary, an effective carrying out of the principles embodied in the civil code under the confiscation act, and in the military direction by the Proclamation of January 1, 1863. This is necessary because few will be disposed to engage in the work of effecting those changes needed for any thorough assimilation or any positive uprooting of slavery, if they are to be left unsupported to reap their reward from the slave power, reinstated as dominant in either States or nation. But it is to be remarked in this connection, that the General Government has assumed the attitude of awaiting a full and further signification of the popular thought, and this can only be elicited by the friends of freedom throughout the slave States making such appeal to the people of the nation as will rivet their attention upon the great dangers impending, arouse them to manifestations of sympathy with the cause of human liberty, and leave no room for any doubt as to the course that should be pursued by rulers solicitous to reflect their will.

For three reasons; for the promotion of a more cordial understanding between those who concur in the necessity of adopting freedom policies; for the more effective initiation of local State organizations to accomplish the work of emancipation; and for such mutual interchange of opinions and experience as may make the teachings of the past profit in the guidance of the present,—an invitation is hereby extended to the friends of freedom residing in all the slave States, to meet in mass convention at the city of Louisville, Ky., on the 8th day of January next coming.

Those favorable to such assemblage are requested to take measures in their respective districts for an attendance that will secure them representation.

Newspapers approving this call are requested to give it circulation.

Respectfully submitted,

B. GRATZ BROWN, S. H. BOYD,
FRED. MOENCH, BEN. LOAN,
H. T. BLOW, C. E. MOSS,
J. W. MCCLURG, SAM. KNOX,
EMIL PRETORIUS, JAMES LINDSAY, of Missouri.

LETTER FROM REV. DANIEL FOSTER.

CAMP OF THE 33D MASS. VOL., Stevenson, Ala., Oct. 1863.

DEAR GARRISON:

Our corps and the 12th have changed their base, and removed from Virginia to the army of the Cumberland since my last letter. Rosecrans had driven Bragg from Tullahoma and Chattanooga, by a masterly handling of his men, without battle or loss of life. He had captured thousands of the enemy, and seriously demoralized his army. In the meanwhile, Burnside had taken Knoxville, and we at last held East Tennessee and the line of rebel communication between Virginia and the Gulf States. The rebel army must recover these two points, or at an early day evacuate Virginia. At once, therefore, reinforcements were rushed from Lee's army and other points, till the rebel force greatly outnumbered ours. Then came the battle of Chickamauga, in which Bragg and Longstreet fought for two days to drive Rosecrans back from his line and out of Chattanooga. It was of instant and vital importance to the slaveholders' rebel confederacy that the rebel army should succeed in retaking Chattanooga. Hence, the rebels fought with great resolution and pertinacity. They were not only resolved to succeed, but were entirely confident of success. And well they might be. Longstreet, with his veterans, had come to show Bragg's men how to fight. The whole rebel army, conscious of their superiority in numbers, and inspired with renewed hope and emulation by the presence of the renowned corps then with them from the army of the Potomac, fought with strenuous determination and persistent bravery.

But Rosecrans had trained the army of the Cumberland to fight, as Cromwell's old Ironsides did, to win in every encounter. For two days the rebel columns were hurled upon our men in their lines. With few exceptions, these assaults were repelled. The enemy was driven back from nearly every assault with a loss of life that was fearful on both sides. A single instance will show how our men fought. A brigade, composed of the 8th Kansas, the 25th and 35th Illinois, and the 15th Wisconsin, went into the fight with 1218 men. They were ordered to hold an important position, and held it against repeated and fierce assaults by vastly superior forces of the enemy. The first day, Colonel H—, commanding the brigade, was killed, when Colonel Martin, of the 8th Kansas, took the command. Suffice it to say, that they repelled every attack, and lost in those two days in killed and wounded 55 per cent. of their number. None of them were taken prisoners.

The result of this battle is truly and fairly stated in Rosecrans' address to the army, which I enclose. It was necessary for our troops to fall back on Chattanooga, which was done in good order and without loss. The enemy fought for Chattanooga, and failing to get that, he sacrificed the men and means lost in the battle for naught. He failed in this, the end and aim of the battle of Chickamauga. He has not dared to renew the battle since. In the meanwhile, Rosecrans and Burnside hold fast their important conquests, each vital to the slaveholders' confederacy. And they will hold them against *all* comers. "Rosey," especially, believes in and practices upon the doctrine of the "perseverance of the saints." It was this stubborn pluck which saved the day at Murfreesboro'. It has again saved us from a disastrous retreat from Chattanooga. The same spirit at the head of the army would have completely destroyed Lee's army at Chancellorsville or Gettysburg.

The elections in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Iowa, and Indiana, announce the doom of the copperheads of the North. The vote in the army among the Ohio troops is about 85 per cent. for Brough. In many regiments, Vallandigham did not get a vote. Thus you see the influence of this war upon the soldiers. They come in contact with this slavemongers' rebellion, face to face. Everywhere they find the slave friendly, and anxious to aid the Union army. In almost all cases they find the Southern white man, away from the mountain ranges of the South, a bitter enemy, and as treacherous as bitter. The soldier becomes, by the necessity of his daily experience, an abolitionist. And if our Northern conservatives, as our pro-slavery men love to be called, expect the votes of the soldiers when they return home, they will be bitterly disappointed.

The President says in his Springfield letter that the promise of freedom made to the slaves in his proclamation must be kept. I thank God for that word. In the unflinching adherence of the nation to that promise lies our only hope of salvation. If in the future we are one people, it must be as a *free* nation—the World's Republic and hope, that we must exist. Then let the proclamation of freedom determine the policy of the President and of Congress. Let the slaves be enrolled and armed to the number of two or three hundred thousand, and such men as Fremont, Phelps, and Hunter, be put in command of them, and we hold command of the situation from the St. John's to the Rio Grande. The Union will be made a reality, and in it will be "secured" to us and our children, in all coming time, "the blessings of liberty." Then will the atheism of our politicians and chuches, in compromising with "earth's most heinous sin," be rebuked, and the sovereignty of Infinite Justice clearly demonstrated. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice: let the multitude of the isles be glad. Clouds and darkness are round about him. Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

Yours, in full assurance that God is mightier than the Devil,
DANIEL FOSTER.

CLERICAL COPPERHEADS.

MR. EDITOR,—The Vermont Colonization Society has just held its annual meeting at the State House, at Montpelier, and its character, principles, and stale, hypocritical, pro-slavery cant may be judged of by the following paragraph found in its published proceedings:—

"The African is a man; and while he has the *abstract* right to stay here, yet it is much like every man's abstract right to shear a wolf,—one which may well be left in abeyance, so long as the advantages held out to his manhood are so much greater in the land of his fathers."

Three years ago, this execrable paragraph would have been thought nothing of; but now, when the salvation of the nation hangs upon the aid of the blacks, in this great contest, it does seem to me that none but the tenant of a mad-house,—and he without a heart, would indulge, much more utter, such sentiments in regard to this oppressed and long abused class. Even the Vermont *Chronicle*, which, instead of leading, has always followed at a humble distance, in the wake of public opinion, comes out in a note of rebuke, though very mild. It is bad enough to rob, steal and murder; worse to enslave a human being; but the meanest of all mean things, and the most despisable and unchristian, is the attempt to force these forlorn and helpless laborers from the land of their birth, under the deceptive guise of Colonization. Such Ahabs would "shear" the lamb, ay, and the wolf too, if their greed for gain equalled their injustice to the black man; and if slavery comes to an end in this generation, it will not owe its extinction to any action of the Church or the State, based upon its horrible injustice. Even the President's late order to Military commanders, not to return fugitives escaped to their lines, enjoins upon them not to entice them away from their masters. Precious neutrality that!

My greatest hope of the extinction of slavery is based upon the perseverance of the rebels, compelling "the powers that be" to arm and discipline the slaves; which once done, I have no fears of their ever being reduced to slavery again.

I once heard an anecdote, which will apply to their case. A gentleman deceased in a Catholic country, and the priest thought it an opportune time to replenish his exchequer, and called on a son of the deceased, who was known to be wealthy, and told him his father was in Purgatory, and if he would pay liberally, he would pray him out. The son threw down a handful of guineas, and the priest went at it, and prayed away awhile till, stopping short, he said there was not money enough—he could not get him out. The son threw down a few more guineas, and the priest continued his supplications, but said there was not quite enough yet. The son threw down more for the third time, and the old priest proclaimed he had got him out; upon which the son pocketed the money, and was making off—"Stop! stop!!" said the priest, "give me the money, or I will pray your father back." "Well, pray away!" replied the other, "if you have got the old man out, you can't get him back again—*I know him too well for that.*"

And now, friend Garrison, it is my opinion that the slaves,—once disciplined, and taught to defend themselves, and show fight rather than a spaniel-like submission to every petty tyrant,—will be about as difficult to reduce again to bondage as it was for the priest to pray his man back to Purgatory; and if you think so too, please give this hasty sketch a place in the columns of the *Liberator*, and much oblige one who utterly abhors that handmaid of slavery, the Colonization project.
JESSE STEDMAN.

Springfield, (Vt.) Oct. 25, 1863.

A PRESSING APPEAL FOR AID.

NATCHEZ, (Miss.) Oct. 8, 1863.

MR. GARRISON:

I wish to call your attention to the condition of the colored population of this place. Here are some two to three thousand poor, miserable old men, women, and children, most of them are barefooted, all are more or less ragged, and some are nearly naked. The men are all old or disabled; there is no cotton for the women to pick; in fact, there is nothing for them to do by which they may replenish their clothing. They have to live in miserable shanties, exposed to heat and cold, with little or no bedding or furniture, apparently forsaken of God and man.

Now I have read in the papers, of donations of second-hand clothing and shoes being sent to South Carolina, and to other localities south, for the relief of this class of people; and I would respectfully appeal to our Northern Anti-Slavery friends, through you, in behalf of this community. The Government distributes a little corn-meal, bacon, and salt to them, but there is no provision made for clothing them; and the prospect in this direction is gloomy and sad indeed. Could a few boxes of second-hand clothing and coarse shoes be sent to this place for their relief, God knows it would be a great favor and blessing to this poor people, which would be most gratefully received.

I would respectfully refer you to Giles B. Stebbins and to Miss Sallie Holley, acquaintances of mine, if you wish to know anything further about me.

I am a hospital steward in the volunteer service of the United States army, and am now on service in the General Hospital in this place.

Respectfully yours,
WM. THIRDS.

A PROMPT AND GENEROUS RESPONSE.

PETERBORO', (N. Y.) Oct. 25, 1863.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I am glad to see that the American Anti-Slavery Society is making an especial effort to multiply its lecturers. In aid of this effort is the enclosed draft for $200.

Ever since this infernal rebellion broke out, I have felt it to be my one work to help put it down. I have not paused to inquire whether the putting of it down would help or harm some of my cherished interests or objects. I have believed it to be the duty of every man to engage in this work, without conditions or reservations. Nevertheless, I have not lost my interest in the great Reforms, nor ceased to contribute what I could to their progress.

Your friend,
GERRIT SMITH.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November is published by Ticknor & Fields, and presents an unusually brilliant table of contents, viz:—The Spaniard and the Heretic, by Francis Parkman; Weariness, by Henry W. Longfellow; Mrs. Lewis, part 3, by Mrs. Thomas Hopkinson; The formation of Glaciers, by Prof. L. Agassiz; Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel, by James Russell Lowell; Night and Moonlight, by Henry D. Thoreau; Andante, by A. West; The Brothers, by Louisa M. Alcott; The Sam Adams Regiment in the town of Boston, (conclusion,) by Richard Frothingham; Wet Weather Work, part 4, by Ike Marvel; The French Struggle for Naval and Colonial Power, by G. Reynolds; The King's Wine, by T. B. Aldrich; The Great Instrument, by O. W. Holmes; Something Left Undone, by H. W. Longfellow; Monograph from an Old Note Book, with a Postscript, by Charles Sumner; Reviews and Literary Notices.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, for November, is received from A. Williams & Co. Here is its table of contents:—The Defence and Evacuation of Winchester, by Hon. F. P. Stanton; The Two Southern Mothers, by Isabella MacFarlane; Diary of Frances Krasinska; November, E. W. C.; The Assizes of Jerusalem, by Prof. Andrew Ten Broek; Letters to Prof. S. F. B. Morse, by Rev. Dr. Henry; Buckle Draper, and the law of Human Development, by Edward B. Freeland; Treasure Trove; Matter and Spirit, by Lieut. E. Phelps, with Reply by Hon. F. P. Stanton; Extraterritoriality in China, by Dr. MacGowan; Reason, Rhyme, and Rhythm, by Mrs. Martha W. Cook; The Lions of Scotland, by W. Francis Williams; We Two, by Clarence Butler; Patriotism and Provincialism, by H. Clay Poor; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November is received from A. Williams & Co. The illustrated papers are "Pictures of the Japanese," based upon Alcock's work, and written by A. H. Guernsey; also, "Scenes in the War of 1812," by B. J. Lossing. Other articles and authors are:—Josephine Herbert, J. T. Trowbridge; Off-hand Speaking, Dr. Osgood; Cap and Bells—a novel in ten characters—J. M. Square; Commencement Week at Yale, Julian H. Ward; The Small House at Allington, Anthony Trollope; Moral Utility of Children, Henry Giles; In the Ranks at Stone River, Eben Hamaford; A Woman's Waiting, Louise Chandler Moulton; The Religious Life of the Negro Slave, (Third Paper,) Charles A. Raymond; Half-Way, Caroline Cheesboro; Maximilian of Austria, T. L. Sarmiento; Tried and True, Anna W. Shirley; and My Friend Crackthorpe, Charles D. Gardette; The Monthly Record of Current Events, the Literary Notices, The Editor's Easy Chair and Drawer, Sea Side Sketches and Piscatorial, each with two capital illustrations, and two pages of fashions conclude the number.

The November number completes the *Twenty-seventh Volume*. For the succeeding volume the publishers say, "They have made ample arrangements to make it in no way inferior to those which have been issued."

FRATERNITY LECTURES. This course of Lectures was opened on Tuesday evening last, at the Tremont Temple, by Hon. George S. Boutwell. The hall and galleries were crowded with a highly intelligent assembly,—many others being unable to procure season tickets, to their great disappointment. The lecture was an argumentative and forcible speech to show that the Confederate States, by their rebellion and secession, had ceased to be States within the Union, though not beyond the Territorial jurisdiction of the General Government; and that the re-installation of those States in the Union could only be brought about by an expression of the will of their inhabitants, freely and fairly expressed, without coercion or military dictation, and on a non-slaveholding basis.

The next lecture will be given by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Subject—"The Weaning of Young America."

☞ The reply of E. H. to G. W. S. is unavoidably deferred till next week.

A LIEUTENANT KILLED WHILE RECRUITING FOR A COLORED REGIMENT. Baltimore, Oct. 21. Information has reached here of the murder, on Tuesday, of Lieutenant Eben White, of the 7th United States colored regiment, which is being organized by Col. Birney, near Benedict, St. Mary's county. The perpetrator was Col. John K. Southron, a prominent slave owner of that county. The Lieutenant, with a squad of his company, was sent by Col. Birney to Benedict, on Monday, to obtain recruits. Learning that Southron had two of his slaves tied up to keep them from enlisting, the Lieutenant proceeded to Southron's house, and ordered the men to be released. Southron and his son refused, and abused the Lieutenant, and threatened to shoot him, both being heavily armed. Lieutenant White then left, and proceeded to a field where several of Southron's slaves were at work, followed by the father and son, who demanded his object. The officer replied that he was there to enlist all that were so disposed. After some more words, the Southrons declared they would kill the Lieutenant, and fired their guns upon the officer, who fell dead.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered his promised lecture on America, at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, on the 16th inst. He had a densely crowded audience, and on the whole was enthusiastically received, although Southern sympathizers tried to break up the meeting.

Mr. Beresford Hope had also delivered an address before the Liverpool Southern Club, reiterating his views in favor of the South.

A member of the Government, Sir Roundell Palmer, had also delivered an address, saying England could not recognize the South until her independence was fully secured.

Gerrit Smith has contributed $500 in aid of the widows, orphans, and other sufferers by the murderous raid of Quantrell's band at Lawrence, Kansas.

It is calculated that the rebels lose one hundred slaves per day, who are valued at $100,000. At the same rate of loss the secesh, in one year, would be out of pocket $36,500,000 in the value of human chattels alone.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin*, taking all the Pennsylvania returns yet in, and the Democratic estimates for the remainder, makes Curtin's majority 20,422.

The soldiers' vote in Ohio, as far as heard from, stands, Brough 7049, Vallandigham 124.

Gen. McClellan is the same kind of a politician that he is a General. He does not strike till it is too late to hurt anybody but himself.

☞ Advices from Cuba state that there is serious alarm on many of the plantations on the Island, lest the slaves should break out into open insurrection, their conduct in many places being such as to excite the most serious apprehensions.

☞ The Nashville *Union* says that Gen. Grant's journey from Louisville to Nashville was a perfect ovation, enthusiastic crowds cheering the hero of Vicksburg at the various stations. He has recovered almost entirely from his recent injury.

PARKER FRATERNITY LECTURES.

SIXTH SERIES.

AT TREMONT TEMPLE.

To be given on successive TUESDAY EVENINGS as follows:—

Nov. 3—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
" 10—BENJ. F. BUTLER, (subject to the contingencies of the public service.)
" 17—HENRY WARD BEECHER.
" 24—CHARLES SUMNER.
Dec. 1—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
" 8—EDWIN H. CHAPIN.
" 15—OCTAVIUS B. FROTHINGHAM.
" 22—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.
" 29—WENDELL PHILLIPS.
Jan. 5—JACOB M. MANNING.

B. J. Lang, Organist for the course.

☞ BIBLICAL QUARTERLY of Religious and Moral Science, and the Reconstruction of Biblical Theories according to the principles of all Science. No. I. Daniel with its Apocryphal additions, newly arranged and translated, with a critical introduction, in which its age, authorship, character and interpretation are considered, and the principal questions concerning the book attempted to be finally resolved. By LEICESTER A. SAWYER.

This Quarterly will endeavor to apply the principles of all science to the sciences of religion and morality, then of all history to sacred history, and then of all interpretation to Biblical interpretation. The second or third number will commence the critical examination of the New Testament.

Terms, $2 a year; single numbers, 60 cents. The first number is in the press, and will appear shortly. Orders and subscriptions are respectfully solicited through all the United States and Canada, and may be addressed to Rev. L. A. SAWYER, Boston.

☞ HAYTI AND THE MARTYRS OF HARPER'S FERRY.—A CARD.—I have to-day sent to the last addresses of the following parties authority to draw on me at sight for a specified sum, out of a fund contributed at Cayes, Hayti, for the families of the martyrs of Harper's Ferry:—

To Mrs. Mary Thompson, Mrs. Jemima Cook, Mrs. Leary, widows of John Brown's men of those names; and to the parents of Kagi, Hazlitt, Stevens, the Coppocs, Anderson, Tidd and Copeland.

If my letters do not reach these parties, I ask their friends to notify them, or to send me their present address.

☞ Anti-Slavery papers, please copy.

Boston, Oct. 5. JAMES REDPATH.

☞ NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The Sixteenth Annual Term will commence on Wednesday, Nov. 4, and continue seventeen weeks. Lecture fees, $55. Aid will be afforded to a limited number of students needing it. Any person or persons paying to the College $100 can send a student free of tuition through its course of education. Address or apply to the subscriber, at the College, No. 10 East Canton street, Boston.

3t. SAMUEL GREGORY, M. D., *Sec'y.*

☞ MERCY B. JACKSON, M. D., has removed to 62 Dover street. Particular attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.

References.—Luther Clark, M. D.; David Thayer, M. D. Office hours from 2 to 4, P. M.

☞ REV. ALEXANDER CLARK, Editor *Clark's School Visitor*, would make a few additional engagements to lecture the coming winter. His themes are popular and practical. He may be addressed at the *Visitor* Office, 1308 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. 3t.

☞ CUMMINGTON CONVENTION will be held in Cummington, Saturday, October 31st, afternoon and evening. CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, PARKER PILLSBURY, EZRA H. HEYWOOD and others will speak.

The faithful, long-tried and energetic friends of freedom in that quarter will gather in large and stirring numbers.

☞ WM. LLOYD GARRISON will lecture in Stoneham, on Sunday, Nov. 1st, afternoon and evening, at the usual hours.

DIED—On Friday morning, Oct. 16, at the residence of his father in Centreville, (Indiana,) of congestive fever, LOUIS HENRY JULIAN, son of George W. and Anne E. Julian, aged nearly 10 years.

Three years, lacking but a month, had elapsed since, on one of Autumn's "melancholy days," the mortal remains of a fair young mother were consigned to their last resting-place, and the profound pity of all present was excited by the two least of three little orphan boys, gazing wistfully and wonderingly upon the scene, unconscious of their irreparable loss. And now, after three years' experience of an orphan's life—hard in its best estate—one of them reposes by that mother's side, while his spirit, we trust, has rejoined hers in a happier clime, where

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more."

BEYOND THE LINES;
OR,
A YANKEE PRISONER LOOSE IN DIXIE.

A New Book of Thrilling Interest.

BY REV. CAPT. J. J. GEER,

Formerly Pastor of George Street M. E. Church, Cincinnati, and late Assistant Adjutant General on the Staff of Gen. Buckland. With an Introduction by Rev. ALEXANDER CLARK, Editor of the *School Visitor*.

THIS is one of the most thrilling accounts of adventure and suffering that the war has produced. Capt. GEER was wounded and captured at the great battle of Shiloh; tried before several prominent Rebel Generals for his life, among whom were Hardee, Bragg, and Beauregard; incarcerated in four jails, four penitentiaries, and twelve military prisons; escaped from Macon, (Georgia,) and travelled barefoot through swamps and woods, by night, 250 miles; was fed by negroes in part, and subsisted for days at a time on frogs, roots and berries, and was at last recaptured when within thirty-five miles of our gunboats on the Southern coast.

The particulars of his subsequent sufferings as a chained culprit are told with a graphic truthfulness that surpasses any fiction.

The work contains a fine steel portrait of the author, besides numerous wood engravings illustrative of striking incidents of his experience among the rebels. Every Unionist—every lover of his country—every man, woman and child should read this *Book of Facts as they actually occurred.*

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1308, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Sept. 11—1t

GAS FIXTURES.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that (owing to ill health) he has been obliged

Poetry.

TO ROBERT GOULD SHAW,

Buried by South Carolinians under a pile of twenty-four Negroes.

On Alarie, buried in Busento's bed,
The slaves, the stream who turned, were butchered thrown,
That, so his grave eternally unknown,
No mortal on the scourge of God might tread.

Thou, nobler hero, nobler grave hast won,
In Wagner's trench, beneath brave freemen hid,
By Vandals on thee piled,—a pyramid,
That to all coming time shall make thee known.

In death, as life, round thee their guard they keep;
And, when next time they hear the trumpet's sound,
Will they, with thee, on heaven's parapet leap:
The four-and-twenty elders on the ground
Their crowns before thy lowly comrades lay,
While "Come up higher, Friend!" thou hear'st God say.

Cambridge, Mass. L. H.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

COPPERHEAD SONG IN 1870.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
No part nor lot had I;
But I sat like a frog on an old hollow log,
And croaked to the passers-by.
Croak—croak—croak—
There were many who passed to hear,
And many more who slacked their pace,
And turned them back in fear.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
No part nor lot had I,
But I aimed my gun at the new-risen sun,
And fired at its God-like eye.
Fire—fire—fire—
We thought we were many and strong,
And could humbug the nation with volleys of words
To thinking right was wrong.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
No part nor lot had I;
But I trod the long grass where the patriots would pass,
And sneered at their rallying cry.
Sneer—sneer—sneer—
'Tis a word with a double edge,
And before it many a runner has turned
To the homestead side of his hedge.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
No part nor lot had I;
'Twas little I cared how the bondman fared,
Though his chain clanked under my eye.
Clank—clank—clank—
No matter how heavy the pain,
No matter how cutting the steely lash,
But it fell o'er a negro's brain.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
No part nor lot had I,
And when the air swells with the music of bells,
I only look down with a sigh.
Bells—bells—bells—
They tell us the nation is free,
And the noble achievers co-workers with God—
But, Copperheads, what are we?

THE DYING SUMMER.

Dying Summer's gently gliding
Into Winter's frigid grave;
While the falling leaves are hiding
Beauties that around her wave.

Still are gems of beauty glowing,
As the grove she tasselates
With the floral wonders growing—
Wonders that her life creates!

Rich and gorgeous is the pillow
Where she lays her dying head,
'Midst the gold-fruit ripe and yellow,
And the flowers blue and red.

Happy Summer, bright and airy,
Brilliant, transient, linger still;
With thee, life and fay and fairy
Vanish all from mount and rill!

Roses sweet, with dew-drops weeping,
Woo thee lovingly to stay;
Stilly streams, and cascades leaping,
Bid thee not in haste away.

Laughing hours of sunny gladness
Fall-winds still will blow away;
Leaves to sigh in sadness,
As they wither day by day.

While the sunny Autumn's breathing
Perfume from each dewy flower,
Summer's hand is gently weaving
Garlands for her parting hour.

Youthful June and July glories
With their beauties pass away;
Serve but as *Memento Moris*
Of all pleasures bright and gay!

AUTUMN.

Oh, beautiful is Autumn, and queenly is her brow,
And radiant is the coronet that sparkles on it now;
Ripe, heavy ears of golden wheat, and flowers of crimson hue,
And clusters of the purple grape, begemm'd with pearly dew.

When early spring approaches, a brighter, livelier green
Blooms on the tender leaflets, to hail the youthful queen;
But richer hues greet Autumn, more glowing are the flowers,
More varied beauty she bestows on this fair earth of ours.

The massive elms of darkest green are tinged with brightest gold,
As if a gleam of sunshine dwelt upon their branches old;
They've caught the smile of Autumn as she floated on the breeze,
And threw a beam of glory on the rough and ancient trees.

Oh, beautiful is Autumn, and bounteous is her hand,
And precious are the blessings which she scatters o'er the land;
Let rich and poor with one accord their grateful songs employ,
In praising Autumn's bounteous Lord, who fills our hearts with joy. *The Moravian.*

"MORE LIGHT".

"More light! more light!" when sunset hues are sleeping,
All heaven and earth in waves of living light,
And Silence o'er creation calmly creeping,
With lifted fingers whispers her good night.

"More light! more light!" when dawn's soft golden tresses,
Blown through the sky, proclaim the vigil o'er,
And rosy, to the zephyr's sweet caresses,
Aurora smiles through heaven's half-opened door.

"More light!" more light! when doubt, with iron fingers
Has fastened on the ardent living soul;
"More light!" to cheer the heart where love yet lingers,
And point the way, that faith may find the goal.

"More light!" when from the rugged road of duty
The tempter with his lures would lead estray;
"More light!" to sweep the mask of joy and beauty
From promises which wile but to betray.

"More light!" when from the heart the hope most cherished
Goes out in deepest darkness and despair;
"More light!" to live when life's desire has perished,
And Heaven seems to close against the prayer.

"More light!" for dying eyes when sunlight fails them,
And the creation quivers to the sight;
"More light!" oh God! Thy light alone avails them,
And Thou wilt give it, for Thou art the Light!

PRESS ON!

Press on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

The Liberator.

PLANTATION PICTURES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON,
Author of "Cousin Frank's Household."

CHAPTER III.

THE FRAY.

Tokey, Chainy's husband, was proverbial for patience and good judgment. With an iron constitution and great strength, he united a quiet self-reliance, which betokened power in reserve equal to any emergency. It was not easy to stir up his anger, but when roused he was unconquerable. His lot had been hard, but, by perseverance and good management, he had purchased his freedom, and, amid many provocations, bound by the love he bore his family to the plantation where they were held as slaves, he toiled on submissively, in the hope of being able some day to buy their freedom.

The day after Mr. Rixby's unlucky encounter with Hotspur, Chainy, having heard exaggerated accounts of the overseer's injuries,—magnified in the gossip of the house-servants,—supposing that worthy would not be abroad, permitted Trolo to go down to the quarters, and spend the afternoon with his father. It was a rare treat for the boy, and his heart was overjoyed. Tokey was diligent as ever, and stopped scarcely an instant to caress his child; for his affection was deep, but not demonstrative, while Trolo, chatting blithely, assisted at the work with might and main, hoping his father could finish the earlier, and accompany him to his mother's room. Her allotment was from the family table, and many a nice bit did she lay aside for her husband. She had commissioned Trolo to ask his father to take his supper with them, and as she busied herself about her usual household duties, her heart was lightened by the thought of that family meeting. She pictured to herself, also, the happiness of her husband and child during the afternoon, and sung right merrily at her task.

Meanwhile, the overseer, in no very amiable mood, rode over the plantation, mastication of his favorite weed proceeding at a rate that betokened unusual mental activity, and his face wearing a sullen look, expressive at once of chagrin and hate. It was evident that he was revolving some project in harmony with his evil nature. Still, he did not vent his ill-humor indiscriminately as was his wont, and the field hands thought the dreaded overseer strangely forbearing.

Towards Tokey, the overseer had long cherished a deeply-seated dislike. The ex-slave was really superior, and was conscious of it,—a consciousness that would at times appear undesignedly in his deportment. His noble, manly qualities would shine out in air and expression. This nettled the overseer, and the very patience of the lowly man, under insult, was an offence. Then, Tokey stood between the overseer and Chainy; and this, after all, was the maddening thought that stirred the overseer's passions to their depths.

Leaving the cornfield, the overseer directed his way to the grainery where Tokey and Trolo were at work. They did not notice his approach, and Trolo started with affright as he suddenly called out,—

"Hallo! what you up to now? Visiting, hey? Hoped I should n't come around this way? But I've caught yer, yer villains!"

Then he commenced a series of provocations which Tokey bore without a retort. Rixby had warmed his inner man with extra drams at the whiskey bottle, to prepare himself for this occasion, and persevered in his taunts and insults. It was harder for Trolo to bear this than for his father, and his fear soon fled, while his eyes flashed resentment.

"And as for you, you young whelp! I'll teach you to take your father's part! You're a chip of the old block,"—and with a powerful blow of his fist, he struck him in the face, felling him to the floor. Tokey hastened to help him up, but the boy could not stand, and Tokey laid him on some straw in the corner.

"Keep to your work, old man!" shouted Rixby, "or I'll make a funeral for ye!"

Tokey meekly resumed his work, but his lion spirit was rising, rising like a long-smothered fire.

"You black coward," continued Rixby, "you have n't the pluck of a sheep! You would n't say a word more'n a calf, if I was to cut yer boy up into inch pieces before yer eyes; and I mean to, some day—I'll cut him up with my jack-knife, and feed him out to the dogs—just to see if you'll speak then. How 'll you like that, old man?"—and he raised his rawhide as if to strike him. Tokey drew himself up to his full height, and looked undauntingly on his tormentor. There was that in his eye that made Rixby quail, and, changing his tone to a sneering laugh, he said,—

"Afeard I was going to strike you, hey? You great fool you, I was only joking—I would n't hurt a hair of your head. I was only joking. Jest keep to your work, and there won't be no trouble between us,"—and the overseer turned on his heel, and Tokey returned to his task, in which he was soon absorbed, thinking that the overseer had done with his persecutions, for the present, and would shortly leave; but while his back was turned as he measured grain, Rixby caught up an iron-toothed rake, and gave him a blow on his head that sent him reeling to the floor, with the blood gushing from his eyes, nose and mouth.

"Ha! I've got yer at last, old man! and now I'll finish yer, short meter! I'll beat every bone in yer body to jelly,—I'll kill yer as I would any snake that came in my path!" Missed the overseer, with a look of murderous malignity that proved him in earnest. And again he brought down the formidable weapon. But the concussion brought back the senses of his victim, and, partially raising himself, he caught hold of the rake as it was descending a third time, and with a giant's strength drew Rixby down with it. Each knew that it was a struggle for life, but the overseer was soon at the mercy of the man he had injured, and was terribly beaten and mutilated, and would have been killed had not a sudden faintness seized Tokey.

Trolo was paralyzed with terror during the fray, but at its termination ran to a wood near by, where Planter, the coachman,—who, when not needed to drive the carriage, cut and drew wood for the many fires summer and winter,—was chopping.

"Oh! Planter, come quick!" he cried frantically, "fader and de oberseer been fighting, and they'se killed, come quick!"

Planter found them both insensible; and while Trolo tenderly bound up his father's gory head, Planter got the wagon ready, and lifting Tokey in he said,—

"'Pears like I'm bound to tote off the bess man fust. Reckon dat are savage overseer kill 'em all if he could!" and bearing him to the house, he laid him on Chainy's bed; then leisurely returning to the grainery, he paid his respects to Rixby, though he by no means considered himself one of his subjects.

As Planter stepped to the door of the grainery, he started back with an expression of horror, exclaiming,—

"Go way, aunt Izard! go way! what you here for?"

The scene was indeed revolting. Aunt Izard was a little dried up, ebony-black old crazy woman. In some tragedy of the plantation, years before, her heart was broken, and her mind lost its balance. Wandering about almost at will, as if by instinct, wherever there was strife or extremity of trouble she was sure to make her appearance. On this occasion, she hovered over the prostrate overseer, like a vulture on the field of battle, and, dabbling her bony fingers in the blood, had marked up his face till it really looked frightful. To Planter's exclamation she made no response, save with a long-drawn, plaintive, "Oh, dear!" It was her habit to groan thus once in a few minutes, twisting her mouth the while into contortions expressive of deep anguish. And now, as if disturbed by the presence of another, her wild, restless eyes glittering with a strange light, she rose from her orgies, and with a mocking laugh muttered,—

"Ha! ha! ha! he's a'most dead! Nobody weep for him!" and then with her harrowing groan passed out.

The old woman's voice died away in the distance, ere Planter ventured in for the overseer; then, taking him in his arms, he laid him in the wagon, on the same straw on which Tokey had reclined; and taking his seat on the fore-board, started up his horse at a brisk trot.

"Why, hi!" said Planter, glancing back at the overseer. "Overseer Rixby don't sense nothing yet. 'Taint like he dead though—don't reckon he killed dat easy! I'll tote him to his house—if he gwine to live, de tote 'll bring him to; an' if he be dead, dars de place for de funeral. Hi! would n't dare be tears shed den,—prenty of 'joicing tears,—de berry oil of gladness! Hope de 'casion 'll come rapid—do so!"

But the overseer gave signs of life, and began to groan, at which Planter gave the horse an impatient cut. Shortly the overseer, heaving a second groan, opened his eyes in dreamy bewilderment, and continued groaning and feebly stirring, until the team stopped at his little cottage, called Chincapin Hill, from the many chincapin bushes—a shrub species of chestnut that grew on the slight elevation on which the house stood. The dwelling was of one story, eighteen feet by twenty, and consisted of two apartments, furnished with articles once genteel, bought at auction sales. In the parlor, a dilapidated sofa disgorged its stuffing through the patched hair-cloth covering; and a half dozen rickety flag-bottomed chairs stood ready to break down at any moment of doing service.

Mrs. Rixby was a large specimen of rotundity, unblest with any of the comeliness and refinement which often adorn persons of an obese habit. Coarse and uncultivated, she was a fitting counterpart of her husband in many respects, and quite as low in the scale of being. She exhibited herself in all that she did. Her dress reflected her peculiar ideas of gentility—for this she greatly affected. Of a morning, she might be seen moving around in a calico night-cap; but when "dressed," her head was covered with one of lace, soiled and yellow, with a broad border starched stiffly, and directly on top a large red bow that flapped as if to beat time as she walked, or rocked herself in the easy chair. Her dresses had a way of always looking faded and greasy, and she never felt quite "fixed," until she tied on a favorite yellow apron. As for stockings, she had divorced them for pinching her corns, as she sometimes explained, and her stiff brogans squeaked their misery as she tramped over the uncarpeted floor. Her only child Plumy Ann,—an ungainly girl of fourteen,—was her idol. Her mother railed against "larnin'," and abhorred it in others, but dwelt on it as a distinction in Plumy Ann. Herself and husband could neither read nor write, and by larnin', in common with the poor whites and slaves, she meant those accomplishments.

Plumy Ann was a spoiled child,—her mother's summing up of government being to let her have her own way. She ate candy and other confections until she loathed them, and then took to slate pencils for variety, which, in due process of time, gave her the cadaverous hue of the Georgia clay-eaters. The end and aim of the mother's ambition was to get her daughter established as the wife of some young planter, and even at this early day she had various plans in this line.

Mr. Rixby had rather more force of character than most of the poor whites, and for years Mr. Nelson had known him as occasional patrol, although so poor that he was often coatless and barefoot, even in the frost.

Mr. Nelson had been troubled in getting overseers. Some were too easy, and others drove too hard. At length, a respectable down-easter called to engage the place. He believed in the divine appointment of slavery, thought it an admirable arrangement by which one race could do the drudgery of another, apologized for it on all fitting occasions, and made it a point of conscience to endorse his opinions at the ballot-box. Mr. Nelson greatly preferred an overseer from the North, and engaged him readily. But six months wrought so great a revolution in the views of the Northerner, that he was obliged to leave precipitately, and without his pay. Thus ended his apologizing for slavery. Rixby next applied to Mr. Nelson, who allowed him to finish out the year on trial. Having no native nobleness to interfere with the necessities of his vocation, and being a shrewd manager, he became a fixture on the plantation.

He had a salary of $400 and found—including Chincapin cottage, two servants, big or black Ann and yellow Ann, who had been trained at Powhatan, three cows, and other incidentals, with the produce of all the land he could get cultivated by one of the field hands at odd jobs.

The Rixbys were on the road to prosperity; every year they put $400 out at interest.

"The land!" who's come now?" ejaculated Mrs. Rixby, as Planter drove up to the door.

"It's dad!" screamed Plumy Ann, "an' he's dead!"

"Not for sartin, dish sher time 'parently," replied Planter, jumping out.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Mrs. Rixby, "what *has* happened?"

"Don't git agitated!" rejoined Planter, "git the ole man to bed fust."

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Mrs. Rixby, as they laid him helpless on the bed; and Plumy Ann burst anew into an uproarious cry. This diverted Mrs. Rixby's attention from her husband, and drawing her baby to her side, she carried her into the parlor.

"Don't take on so, honey, it 'll be the death of ye! Dad, he aint hurt much; he 'll be hearty as a buck right smart quick. There, there, honey! take yer salts; don't cry, don't cry! There, there, lie down on the sofa, and rest ye," as she deposited her child on that choice piece of furniture. "Take yer salts! Don't want 'em? Why, hi! honey, mustn't get *contrary*. It's the high blood ladies that smells of salts—it 'll do ye good, honey! Don't want 'em! want snuff! Now, chick, I would n't! Come, now, Plumy Ann, don't!"

But the spoilt child would have the snuff and "dip," or persist in crying; and, as usual in all such contests, the mother gave up.

"Here, here, honey! take some snuff—reckon it's that good for trouble!"

"How is ye, Rixby?" asked she, coming in from tending Plumy Ann.

"Killed him? Wall, I meant to did so!" said the sick man, with thick utterance.

"Why, Rixby," returned the wife, "how you do talk! You don't speak decent to a body!"

"'Pears like he flustered with his fall," said Planter, "but you must coax 'im like, an' make 'lowance. 'Pears like he don't sense nuffin clar yit. He's right smart muddy in his mind. Shall I call de doctor?"

"No, you villyun!" retorted Mrs. Rixby, "we don't run up no doctor's bills here. We don't prove of any sich 'stravagancy. If we gits sick, it's bad enough losing the time, without being 'bleeged to pay money to the doctor."

"I reckon the doctor save his life," persisted Planter, "an' save his time so he get well right smart quick."

"Be off, you nigger! I never hears such talk!" said Mrs. Rixby. "I reckon I ken nurse up Rixby better than all the doctors."

As Planter returned, he met the doctor on his way from Powhatan, and gave him to understand that the overseer needed him. Mrs. Rixby submitted to his advice and prescriptions, and as he arose to go, "See here, doctor," said she, "Rixby is one of Squire Nelson's family, like, an' I reckon you orter charge this ere bill to him. We did 'nt send for ye."

"O, never mind—no trouble about that," replied the doctor, passing out.

CHAPTER IV.

A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK.

"Hi! 'twas a good night's work!" said the ferry-woman, sitting in her cottage-door, bolt upright, nimbly and mechanically tying a seine, and keeping wary watch of the river molten in the morning sun.

"Is anybody comin'?" asked little Dilly, who, having hushed her babe for its morning nap, budged about child-fashion, 'putting things to rights. Weeks had passed since the events of the last chapter, and after long days of almost helpless debility, she had, under the careful nursing of Hinna, recovered a portion of her life and elasticity, and now instinctively turned her work into play.

"Is anybody comin'?" asked she, busily dusting the looking-glass, and playing "hide and seek" with the image of her own fairy self reflected there.

"Nobody to be seen yet, honey," replied Hinna, abstractly.

"O, then, won't you play with me?" said Dilly, coaxingly. "Play I'm your servant, and do all your work," and the little figure climbed up into a chair to dust the mantel.

"Play jest what you like," replied the ferry-woman. "I have n't the heart to wish your play-days over."

"Play I'm a caller, then, and my carriage and servants are at the door. Play I'm a great lady, dressed all up in silk, and lace, and ribbins; and play I've earrings, and breastpins, and bracelets, and lots of pretty things."

Hinna laughed heartily. "What does possess the child!" she exclaimed. "Well, Miss Caller, take your seat and talk nonsense!"

And Dilly, drawing up a chair, with mock gravity, began,—

"Hope I find you berry well, dis morning, Miss Hinna?"

"Quite well, I thank you," replied the ferry-woman, imitating the child's voice. "How's *your* health?"

Hinna's play was surface-work, however, and the deep, serious under-current of her nature rolled on undisturbed.

Dilly instinctively felt this, and it soon became hard work to play with her, and she changed her mood in sympathy with Hinna. Variable as an April sky, the shadows must have their turn, child-mother that she was. So, seating herself on the mat at Hinna's feet, she said,—

"I not gwine to play any more now."

"Why not, honey?" asked Hinna.

"I can't help thinking about the poor slave-people you brought home last night," said Dilly. "Do you think you can get them free?"

"I shall try for it," said Hinna, "and I never failed yet."

Hinna's iron nature never seemed to need repose, and the night previous had been one of brave and busy action. Bruno had come home from his accustomed roving in great excitement, and would not rest, pulling at Hinna's dress. She understood the mute appeal, and followed the dog, which led her miles away. The intelligent creature fully sympathized with the benevolence of his mistress, and seemed as intent on saving the poor from their pursuers, as hounds trained for the purpose are on betraying them. So much for training.

In a swamp, making their couch in the thick branches of a cedar, the ferry-woman found two half-famished slaves.

"Is that you, Hinna?" said the tremulous voice of a slave-woman, in answer to her pitying inquiries. "Why, bless the Lord! He saunt you, sartin'!"

"Mebbe He did," was the cheerful reply. "At any rate, I'm here. But who are you?"

"Why, don't you know me? I'm Chainy, from Powhatan."

"Ah, yes—I remember you," said Hinna; "but there's no knowing what will happen. You're the last one I should have expected. But come down at once. Are you alone?"

"No, bress de Lord! I's got Trolo with me,"—and as Chainy descended, the boy gained the ground by swinging from the end of a bough.

"I's that weak," said the slave-woman. "'Pears like I can't stand."

"Well, I brought along something for ye, expecting as much. Slave folks that want to be free has n't much to keep them from starvin' in the swamp. It's them that makes them work for nothing that's well fed. But here's a drop of sweet wine—good medicine for ye jist now, and here's a bit of bread."

Cheered and refreshed, the slave-mother and son cautiously followed their deliverer through the darkness, and in due time emerging from the morass were once more on *terra firma*.

Chainy sank on her knees, and thanked the Lord.

"Some sense in that," remarked Hinna, thoughtfully. "For if He don't help the slave-people, 't is n't often they 'll get helped."

On inquiring of Chainy how she came to be in the swamp, Hinna found she was on her way South to the rendezvous in the Great Dismal Swamp. It being commonly reported among the slaves that that was a safe place of refuge, and being nearer, many chose it, instead of fleeing North.

"Yes," replied Hinna, "but you might as well die at once as to try to get there. None but the most determined succeed. Bruno and I know all about that, don't we, Bruno?"

"'Pears like I can do anything to get free," said Chainy. "My life is des no 'count 't all."

"Well," said Hinna, "you 'll go to the swamp, of course, as your husband Tokey is there."

"Did you see him?" asked the fugitive.

"I don't know as that's any matter whether I saw him or not; but Tokey's there, you may depend, safe and sound."

"The Lord be praised for dat," said the wife, "an' dat he raised you up to be friend to de poor slave-people."

"Well," said Hinna, "there's enough to beat and bruise and hurt them, and it's little as I can do to help them when I gits a chance."

But the course of the weary, half-famished slaves was slow and tedious, and Hinna, seeing that they could not reach Bluff cottage by morning, by the land route, guided them to a landing near by.

"Why, hi!" said Chainy, sinking down on the grass as they came to the river, "what's we do now?"

"Do?" replied Hinna; "'spose I've brought you here to perish? Reckon we'll take a little sail,—jest to rest us a bit, yer know, seeing we've walked 'bout as far as is good for our health. There's a boat here that's been made to carry runaways back to torment; reckon we'll jest give it a chance to do somethin' decent, for once."

"Sail," said Trolo, with animation, "I like that."

"There now," said Hinna, as she rigged the boat, "step right in, sit down here, and keep still. I'm as used to the water as a duck—a reg'lar water-bird;" and unloosing the painter, they were on their way.

"O, is n't it nice?" whispered Trolo, reaching out his hand to paddle in the rushing water.

"Shan't we sink, nor turn over, nor nothin'?" asked Chainy, trembling. "I's dat fearful!"

"No," said Hinna, "I took to the river 'cause it was safer for you than the land."

"Safer?" echoed Trolo.

"Yes," replied Hinna, "we can go six times as fast, and get home afore morning"; and if we stumbled along over the fields and through the woods, we might meet the patrol; and I reckon they would not be quite so feard of you as they be of Hinna and Bruno. And the way you travel 'twould take all day to-morrow to get home."

The change was novel and exciting to Trolo. The light boat danced along before the breeze, and past midnight, when the moonlight came, the scene was almost unearthly in its beauty.

The James was a broad sheet of rippling silver, now and then diversified by the shadows of the groves which it faithfully mirrored, even in the minute pencilling of twig and leaf. The tree, so glorious in itself, is glorious in its shadow; and the willows,—sad spirits,—stood on the eastern bank, claiming the river as their tears. The flowers, the evening primrose and the wild rose, gazed at their beauty in the water. Night-birds piped their notes in unison with the deliciousness of the hour.

"I did not know it was so pretty on the water!" said Trolo; "and then we go as swift as horses!"

Before morning, the ferry-woman had safely lodged her friends in Bluff Cottage, where they were presently abed and asleep in the basement chamber. As to the boat, adrift, it was permitted to return to its owner, should wind and tide favor.

"There they are! I knew they'd be along! Do you see them on the other side of the river? They are calling for the ferry, and I must go and bring them over." Saying this, Hinna tied on her hat, and, going down the bluff, unmoored the boat, and hoisting the well-patched sail, soon returned with her two passengers, who, as Hinna sometimes prepared meals for travellers, ordered breakfast.

One of them, as indicated by his slouching hat and swaggering air, was an overseer; the other, a "poor white," intemperate and degraded, and glad for small pay to assist in slave-catching.

"Ter'ble chilly!" shivered Jaff, the poor white, as he imitated the overseer in drawing his chair nearer the newly replenished fire.

"Right smart cole mornin'," said overseer Rixby, rubbing his hands. "Come, woman, be lively! we can't wait all day for breakfast."

A frown darkened the brow of Hinna, and Bruno regarded the guests with an angry eye and a smothered growl; but, at the command of his mistress to "be done," crouched on the mat with a fixed and doubtful look.

Meanwhile Chainy, listening as for life, caught every sound in the room above her.

That loathsome, brutal voice, whose tones, as it fell on her ear, thrilled her with fear, she could not but recognize. Had he traced her to her hiding-place, and would he soon drag her forth to torture and to chains? With hot tears streaming, and eyes upraised in silent agony, she cried to Heaven for deliverance. Then, glancing at her boy tranquilly sleeping, unconscious of danger, and of the tumultuous throbbing of the breast that watched by his pillow, with the ardor of a mother's love she prayed most fervently for him. "Let 'em take de mudder, if on'y de chile ken be free!" But suddenly, as if there had fallen on him "a horror of great darknass," the sleeper awoke, and started up, uttering incoherent expressions of fear. Chainy, clasping him in her arms, whispered, "Keep still, honey! we're safe—on'y keep still! Don't you remember whar we is?—how de woman took us home las' night, and hid us in dis sher nice little room?"

But the low hum of their voices had been heard in the room overhead.

"Hist! what under the canopy is that?" said the overseer, rising to his feet.

"Hush!" said Hinna impatiently. "'Pears like this house is haunted; but who's afeered? who's afeered? I hav'n't wronged any one as I knows on."

"Curis house to be haunted by daylight!" apprehensively said the overseer, true to the superstitions of his class. "Ghosts must be right smart thick, and bold too."

"Oh, this 'ere's nothin' to what I've heerd over and often," replied Hinna, raising a din scraping a kettle.

"Sakes alive!" said Jaff, his grey eyes opening with terrified wonder, "I wouldn't stay in dis sher huss if I had to sleep in the swamps."

"I say, let's be eating our breakfast, an' be movin," said the overseer. "Come, hustle up, woman! We're out huntin' niggers, an' we aint cotched 'em nuther. We're in a desput hurry."

"What niggers has run away now?" asked Hinna.

"Chainy and Trolo—the ungrateful truck! I on'y wants to get my paws on 'em onct more!" Then, after a moment's thought, the overseer added, "You tells fortins—what'll you take to tell which way the critters went? Wouldn't mind paying somethin' to know whar they be."

"Wall, wall, eat yer breakfast, an' we'll see what can be done for yer."

The hungry hunters did ample justice to the hot cakes and coffee, Hinna meanwhile going through with certain mystical performances, supposed to be connected with the profound profession of fortune-telling. As the guests arose to depart, the fortune-teller directed them to search the banks of a creek some fifty miles south-east, if they wished to find the runaways.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the overseer, "you don't say so! 'And arter all this 'ere wear an' tear, we've got to post off on another tug! Wall, Jaff, come on! if we must, we must." Then turning to Hinna, "Here's fifty cents for information!"—and the overseer and his assistant moved towards the door.

"You'll jes' please to settle for breakfast and ferry," observed the hostess. "Jes so, jes so," replied the overseer, turning back, and producing his worn sheep-skin wallet. "What's to pay?"

"One dollar fifty," rejoined Hinna.

"Ho, ho, hum!" yawned the overseer, as he counted out the money; "these 'ere travellin' 'spenses takes off all the profits huntin' niggers."

"Wall, it's my mind we shan't be troubled with them are folks in one while," said Hinna, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"I hopes not," exclaimed Dilly, emerging from her place of concealment, and sinking into a chair. "I've been all in a tremble eber since dey done come."

"Wall, take time, an' git rested, now they're gone," said Hinna. Then bursting into a scornful laugh, "Reckon they 'll catch their victims! The wretches, huntin' arter them as they'ee no more right to than they has to me! Rixby didn't like the idee of ghosts; 'spected as much. Little too much blood on his hands, I'm thinkin'!" Then, after a moment's pause, she added—

"Come, Dilly, move yer chair close up to the fire, an' see to these 'ysters, an' I'll bake some cakes for them, as don't git such fare every day." Then, removing a mat, and raising a trap-door which it concealed, she bade Chainy come and get some breakfast, saying, "I'll promise ye'll be safe!"

A half-hour later, it would have blessed one's heart to look in upon the group. Bruno stood sentinel before the bolted door, while the ferry-woman sat at the table with Dilly by her side, serving her grateful guests.

"It's a hard time ye had," said she, with a pitiful look, as she poured Chainy a cup of coffee. "Skulkin' night after night in the miry ma'shes—nothin' warm to eat, an' chilled a' most to death. If I had *my* say, them that's so ferce huntin' ye would have to change places with yur; an' they'd have ter *stay* changed, too, I'm thinkin'!"

"Yes," replied Chainy, "we was a mos' perished when you camed to help us;—'pears like we was starvin'."

"I wish you was safe in Canada," said Hinna, helping her to a plate of oysters; "but yer bound to go to the swamp arter Tokey, I 'spose. Wall, that's nat'ral, an' I shan't say a word agin' it, though I'm not so clear about yer getting through—perhaps you will, though, an' I must help ye on your way a piece."

"But you don't eat," as she saw mother and son made little progress with their breakfast. "Don't fear, honeys! God 'll take care of them as trusts in him. I'm no Christian, an' don't pertend to be; but there's them that is, an' I'm out in my reck'nin' if you aint one of 'em."

"I do love de Fader," said the slave-woman, her face aglow with emotion; "if I hadn't had dat comfort, I should done gone to the grave long ago. What would de poor slave-people do widout de lub of Jesus? Some time I study an' study why we poor slave-people has to suffer so much; an' de Fader don't har our groans an' cries as he did de groans an' cries of de children of Israel down in Egypt; an' de wicked dat whips and tears us, an' sells de chile from de mudder, an' de wife from de husband, has all de mon'y an' de fine houses, an' de lands, an' eberyting. But preacher Ned, he say, de good book declare dat de tings we can't know now, we shall know hereafter."

"Dere's no kind o' doubt o' that," rejoined Hinna with stern emphasis, "an' them that hunts ye like the partridge on the mount'in, they'll larn some things hereafter they don't know now, I'm thinkin'—no very 'greeable things either, or I'm out in my reck'nin'!"

"Mighty glad they'd be to swap places wid ye then!" added she; then lapsing into silence, as in deep thought,—

"That's the idee!" she at length ejaculated. "That's the idee!" Dilly an' I'll fix them out so that they won't know themselves."

Taking Chainy aside, Hinna rigged her from top to toe in masculine dress, old-fashioned and dilapidated, and she looked like a little old man. As she came back, Trolo started.

"Why, hi!" exclaimed Hinna, "don't know your own mother? That 'll do, I reckon! Now, Chainy, fix up your boy in these ere gal's duds as soon as you can"—and in a few moments, Trolo was fully disguised.

"I declare I shouldn't knowd you from Adam!" exclaimed Hinna. "Why, hi! you make a right smart handsome gal!"

As the evening twilight fell, Hinna conducted her guests down to the river by the path behind the garden hedge, and launching her little boat, she bade mother and son get in, and the passing breeze bore them rapidly on their way, and gliding smoothly along, passing here and there an unsuspecting water-craft, at midnight they reached safe moorings.

Hinna reluctantly said, "Now I must go. I wish I could take you safe into a free country; but hope for the best, an' be sure an' make good headway to-night. Here, take this bundle of victuals. Good bye!" and hastily giving them many needful directions, the ferry-woman returned to her cottage home.

A SCORCHING REBUKE. The Nashville *Union* of the 6th inst. gives the following:—

A highly instructive as well as amusing incident took place in one of the business houses on one of our principal streets, last Saturday, while the colored regiment was marching along to the music of the national airs. Several gentlemen were looking on the parade, among them a wealthy planter of Alabama, who is a large slaveholder. One of the group stepped out to the door, looking on for a few minutes, and then indignantly turning on his heel, addressed himself to the grave Alabamian, to the following purport:—

"Well, I'll be damned if that is not a burning disgrace, which no decent white man can tolerate. Is not that nigger regiment too great an insult?"

The Alabamian jumped to his feet, and replied, while his eyes flashed fire,—

"Sir, there is not a negro in that regiment who is not a better man than a rebel to this Government, and for whom I have not a thousand times more respect than I have for a traitor to his country. I think that the best possible use the Government can make of negroes is to take them, and make them fight against the rebels. No traitor is too good to be killed by a negro, no weapon too severe to use against the wretches who are endeavoring to overthrow the Government. Now, sir, swallow that, whether you like it or not."

The rebel darted off in utter amazement, without uttering a syllable of reply, leaving the sturdy Alabamian, who cherished the jewel of patriotism as something more precious than flocks of slaves, "alone in his glory."

THE "UNIVERSAL YANKEE." The following item from the correspondence of the St. Louis *Republican*, while displaying considerable of the old leaven of prejudice, is good evidence of the go-ahead character of the true Yankee, who carries his "institutions" with him:—

"Baton Rouge has degenerated, and is now nothing more than a Yankee village. The greater part of the male population have gone into the rebel ranks, and the females have either departed for the heart of Dixie, or else take their snuff in the seclusion of back parlors, where the Yankee entereth not. Yankee cavalry kick up the dust; Yankee idiom is the medium for the interchange of ideas on the street; the roll of Yankee drums has superseded the tinkle of the ubiquitous piano; and the "Bonnie Blue Flag," which bears but one single star, has given place to "John Brown's Body." In walking the streets you can almost fancy that you hear the sound of the hammers of the shoemakers of Lynn; and the other day, in the course of a prospecting tour, to see if there was anything left that I had not seen before, I was electrified by coming suddenly upon a sign of 'Fresh Doughnuts for Sale!' Shades of the Cavalier and Huguenot. Fresh Doughnuts!"

THE CAUSE OF THE REBELLION. If any of our readers know of a neighbor who thinks or says this is an "abolition war," they had better call his attention to the following extract from the Richmond *Enquirer* of the 18th ult.:—

"It appears that the slaveholders are averse, for some reasons, to hire their negroes in the Confederate army. The prejudice is certainly an ignorant and a mean one. As the war was originated and is carried out, in great part, for the defence of the slaveholder, and his property rights, and the perpetuation of the institution, it is reasonable to suppose that he ought to be the first and foremost in aiding and assisting, by every means in his power, the triumph and success of our arms. Good wages are offered, and proper care and attention will be given every negro hired in the army, and the slaveholder ought to remember that, for every negro he thus furnishes, *he puts a soldier in the ranks.*"

CUTTING OFF NEW ENGLAND. It is about six months since we have heard any Copperhead organ or orator express the desire to "leave New England out in the cold." Has the rebel vocabulary in the Northwest been amended? Why do we no longer hear the proposition advocated to separate from our loyal friends for the purpose of gratifying our traitor enemies? Where is Cox? Where are the whole tribe of toad-eaters who were lately vituperating Massachusetts, while her soldiers were marching against Port Hudson? In the separate holes where they have hidden, we trust the interrogatory, Whether the opening of the Mississippi River by force of arms has not furnished rebels with better opinions of both the Northwest and New England than a thousand years of sneaking servility and baseness could achieve? Don't all speak at once!—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞ If Johnston and Bragg can defeat Rosecrans and Burnside, Charleston still holding out; or if Lee, with his recruited army, can defeat Meade, then we may expect favorable results in the Ohio election. But unless something of that kind is accomplished, and speedily, Vallandigham will be defeated, and Wood and his party paralyzed, and peace postponed indefinitely without foreign aid.—*Georgia Constitutionalist.*

To the copperheads who love slavery, and to foreign intervention by those who hate and wish to destroy Republican institutions, the rebels look for aid in the attempt to overthrow the Federal government. But, well knowing the character and instincts of the traitorous crew in the loyal States, they despair of any efficient co-operation unless the Union armies are defeated and disgraced. But let the villains gorge themselves with the blood of Union soldiers slaughtered by slaveholding tyrants, and they will raise their slimy heads and spit their venom on the government and its loyal supporters. National disaster and disgrace give them vitality; the success of such a party would be death to free institutions.—*Haverhill Gaz.*

☞ The *Memphis-Atlanta Appeal*, the movable rebel newspaper, which has been shifting its quarters, for the last year and a half, before the onward march of our victorious army, and is now temporarily sojourning at Atlanta, Georgia, closes a jubilatory article upon the battles of Chickamauga, with the following gladsome exclamation:—"*Now* Vallandigham will be elected!" A copperhead victory at the ballot-box in Ohio would have been more disastrous to our country's holy cause than ten rebel victories in the field.

☞ Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, has written a reply to the protest of the clergy of P